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By CHARLOTTE SMITH.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

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on the Counteſs de St. Geran; and they had the ſatisfaction to find, that, by care, the ill effects of the accident ſhe had met with were prevented, and that ſhe was likely to go on ſafely till the time of her delivery. The Count, however, engaged a phyſician and midwife to be at hand till that period; and the Marſhaleſs herſelf arrived at the caſtle ſome weeks before the expected hour; and brought with her as preſents the moſt ſuperb linen and neceſſaries ſhe could purchaſe, for the infant ſo ardently deſired.

But at the caſtle of St. Geran were alſo two perſons, who, influenced by the moſt cruel avarice, contrived to render all their preparations uſeleſs; to deprive the parents of the object of their tender ſolicitude, and fruſtrate the hopes of thoſe

thoſe who were intereſted in beholding an heir to the virtues and eſtate of the Count de St. Geran. — The Marchioneſs de Bouillé was ſiſter, by the ſame mother, to the Count; ſhe had been early married to the Marquis de Bouillé, who was ſeventy years of age. The diſparity of their years was probably the real occaſion of their parting, not long after their marriage; though the Marchioneſs pretended many cauſes of complaint againſt him. They had now lived ſeparate ſome time, and Madame de Bouillé uſually reſided with her brother; ſhe was young, lively and agreeable; and had her brother died without children, would have been heireſs to all the extenſive poſſeſſions of the family of de la Guiche.—The caſtle of St. Geran was an aſylum alſo to the Mar-

quis de St. Maixant, a man whoſe addreſs and talents found a patron in the Count de St. Geran, who in the misfortunes of the Marquis ſeemed to have forgotten his crimes and his errors. — It is aſtoniſhing that M. de St. Geran ſhould ſuffer any conſideration to induce him to countenance a man of ſo abandoned a character as St. Maixant; who had been accuſed of having occaſioned the death of his wife, in hopes of marrying another woman, the life of whoſe huſband he had alſo attempted. He had been ſuſpected of coining, and other atrocious actions, for ſome of which he had fallen into the hands of juſtice; but he eſcaped from the Marechauſſé of Auvergne, and had found ſecurity in the protection of Count de St. Geran. The Marquis St. Maixant concealed the baſeſt diſpoſition,

poſition, and moſt abandoned principles, under elegant manners and agreeable talents. His perſon too was handſome, and his addreſs inſinuating; and leſs exterior advantages than he poſſeſſed, would probably have been ſufficient to recommend him to the notice of Madame de Bouillé. Accuſtomed to avail himſelf of every advantage, he ſoon ſaw thoſe which might accrue by a connection with her. He ſaw that the great age of her huſband made it improbable, that the obſtacle of her being already married would be long in his way; and perhaps depended on his knowledge of ſhortening the lives of thoſe who obſtructed his views. That impediment once removed, he found that he might become the huſband of Madame de Bouillé, who but for the expected infant was heireſs to

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property which would not only reſtore his ruined fortune, but raiſe him to a rank that would by its ſplendor varniſh his crimes, or even give eclat to his vices. With theſe hopes, and with talents calculated to pleaſe, he ſoon poſſeſſed himſelf of the heart of the Marchioneſs; and her conſcience became wholly at his diſpoſal. — They paſſed whole hours together alone, and in their long evening walks in the park, they found opportunities enough to contrive the ſchemes that were to gratify their ambition, their avarice, and their love.

The midwife, Louiſa Goillard; the two women immediately attending the perſon of the Counteſs St. Geran, who were ſiſters of the name of Quinet; and the maitre d'hotel, called Beaulieu; were engaged by St. Maixant and Madame

dame de Bouillé in this cruel conſpiracy; and, by dint of preſents, and promiſes of boundleſs teward, entered into the inhuman deſign of robbing the Count and Counteſs of their child. On the 16th of Auguſt, Madame de St. Geran, being at maſs in the chapel of the caſtle, was ſeized with the pains of labour. She was carried to her chamber, and the Marſhaleſs dreſſed her head herſelf, and put her to bed, while the greateſt part of the family anxiouſly waited for the event. But the ſharp and violent pains with which the Counteſs was tormented, gave them the utmoſt reaſon to fear her ſtrength would fail before the birth of the child. The hoſt was brought out to procure the favour of Heaven, and prayers were offered up in the churches for the ſafe delivery of the Counteſs,

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whoſe danger continued to be very alarming. The Marſhaleſs her mother, Madame Saligni ſiſter of the deceaſed Marſhal, his two daughters by his laſt wife (one about fifteen, the other younger), the Count de St. Geran, Madame de Bouillé, and St. Maixant, were all attending in her chamber; the weather was very hot, and Madame de Bouillé, affecting great tenderneſs and anxiety, repreſented, and with great appearance of reaſon, that ſo many perſons in the room could not fail to encreaſe the heat of the air, and of courſe the faintneſs of the patient. She therefore beſought the Marſhaleſs to order every body to retire; and, that nobody might think ſuch an order unkind, that ſhe would herſelf ſet the example. To this the Marſhaleſs conſented, Madame

dame de Bouillé undertaking to ſtay with the Counteſs, and give from time to time information of the ſituation ſhe was in to the reſt of the family. For two hours after they quitted the apartment, the ſufferings of the Counteſs were ſo acute, and her ſtrength diminiſhed ſo much, that the midwife declared ſhe would inevitably ſink under it, if ſome reſt could not be procured. She gave her therefore to drink a mixture ſhe had prepared, which threw her almoſt immediately into total inſenſibility; and in that ſtate ſhe continued till the next morning. During the night the Count and the Marſhaleſs ſent continually to the door to enquire after her; and the intelligence which was always given by Madame de Bouillé, was, that all was going on well. The domeſtics were

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not ſuffered to enter the room, but received the anſwers at the door; where it was obſerved that St. Maixant continually attended, with thoſe marks of ſolicitude and uneaſineſs ſo natural to the ſtate of mind he muſt have been in, while the ſucceſs of his execrable plot was precarious. The unfortunate Counteſs, now left in the hands of the cruel women whoſe intereſt it was to deprive her of her child, was delivered of a ſon, while totally unconſcious of his birth, the draught given her by the midwife having reduced her to a ſtate ſo nearly reſembling death, that ſhe no longer knew what befel her. As ſoon as the infant was born, the midwife prepared to deſtroy him, by cruſhing his head; but ſhe was prevented, either by Madame de Bouillé, who could not re-

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ſolve to murder the innocent creature, or by Beaulieu, the maitre d'hotel who was now in the room, and who might have received orders from St. Maixant, or perhaps be influenced by humanity to ſpare the life of the victim, whom they were determined to rob of every thing elſe: however that was, the poor little creature was not reſcued from the hands of the midwife, till ſhe had injured the ſkull; a deep mark on which, left by her barbarous hands, the young Count bore as long as he lived.

The unhappy child, thus abandoned to the mercy of this inhuman confedaracy, no ſooner ſaw the light than he was torn from his mother, who, ſenſeleſs and ſurrounded by the ſhades of death, could not plead for him, or ſave him by her tears or her entreaties.

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They put him into a little baſket, wrapt in a linen roller, but not dreſſed or even waſhed. Beaulieu took the baſket, and hiding it under his cloak, carried it down ſtairs to a private door that opened to the foſſé of the caſtle; from thence he croſſed the terrace and the bridge, and made his way through a private part of the park, all the keys of which he kept. He then mounted a ſwift horſe, and rode to Eſcherolles, a village three miles from St. Geran, where he ſtopped at the houſe of Claude Gautier, whoſe wife gave ſuck. He entreated the woman to give the breaſt to the infant he carried, which ſhe did; but not daring to remain long in the neighbourhood of the caſtle, he continued his journey immediately, and croſſing the river Allier, diſmounted with his helpleſs charge at the houſe

of another man named Boucaud, whoſe wife alſo gave ſuck to the child; after which, entering Auvergne, he purſued his way; but the heat was exceſſive, and the horſe ſo fatigued, that he could with difficulty get him on. The poor babe by this time had ſuffered ſo much, that Beaulieu was apprehenſive for his life; and meeting with a waggon, driven by Paul Boition, a common carrier, who uſed the road from Aigueperce to Riom, he agreed with this man to carry the child to a certain diſtance in his waggon; and getting in himſelf took it in his arms, and tied his horſe behind. As they went along the carrier entered into diſcourſe with him; and, in the courſe of their converſation, Beaulieu told the carrrier that he was ſo careful of the child becauſe he belonged to the nobleſt family of

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the Bourbonnois. This conveyance brought him to the village of Ché; and the miſtreſs of the houſe where it ſtopped ſuckled the infant, and, ſeeing the miſerable condition it was in, heated ſome water and waſhed it; after which Beaulieu took it again, and, getting into the waggon, was ſet down near Riom, where he paid the waggoner, and gave him a falſe direction where to find him: then remounting his horſe, and paſſing by the Abbey of Lavoine, he arrived at the village of Deſcoutoux, which is among the mountains near Thiers, and where the Marchioneſs de Bouillé had a ſeat, where ſhe ſometimes paſſed a few weeks. Here Beaulieu put the infant to nurſe, with Gabriella Moiniot, to whom he paid a month before-hand; but as he refuſed to tell her the names of its parents,

rents, or where ſhe ſhould ſend news of her foſter child, this woman would not keep it, and returned it to Beaulieu after ſeven or eight days. The noiſe this circumſtance made, and the clamour of the nurſe, prevented any other woman from taking it, and rendered it unſafe to let it remain in the village. * Beaulieu therefore again mounted his horſe, and taking the high road towards Burgundy, entered the great woods, at the foot of the mountains, and, his progreſs could be traced no farther.

The detail of this journey was ſubſtantiated by the evidence of the car-

* It ſeems very ſtrange that Beaulieu, who appears to have been a confidential ſervant of the Count, and entruſted with the keys and care of the caſtle of St. Geran, ſhould at this period abſent himſelf for ſo long a time, without being ſuſpected of having ſome extraordinary reaſon.

rier, and the various women who had ſuckled the child. We will now relate what happened at the caſtle of St. Geran, and then return to trace the ſubſequent fate of the ſtolen infant.

In the morning the Counteſs de St. Geran ſlowly recovered her recollection, and enquired eagerly for her child, being convinced, from the ſituation in which ſhe found herſelf, that ſhe had been delivered. The midwife and Madame de Bouillé proteſted that ſhe had not; and the former told her, that, ſince ſhe had paſſed the time when the moon was favourable, and as her pains had left her, ſhe would not be brought to bed till the next change of the moon. The Counteſs, who had the moſt convincing proofs that the birth had already taken place, could not be pacified; ſhe wept, ſhe implored

plored them to tell her what was become of her child; but they hardened their hearts againſt her tears and anxiety, and continued to endeavour to perſuade her, that her delivery was only delayed. The midwife artfully declared, that ſuch delays very frequently occurred in her practice; and by her arguments gained the belief of the Marſhaleſs, who the more eaſily credited the aſſertion, as ſhe recollected that with one of her children ſhe had gone ſix weeks, after having all the ſymptoms of an immediate delivery. The mention of a circumſtance ſo favourable to their project, was eagerly caught at, and inceſſantly repeated by Madame de Bouillé and her confidants. But the Counteſs could not be perſuaded, but that ſhe had loſt her child. She felt too great an alteration

to doubt for a moment of the fact; and her anguish was not to be described, when she found the whole family persisted in refusing to believe her, and to look forward to a future day for the birth of the infant so ardently desired. The midwife obstinately insisted on the truth of her assertion, the Countess as determinately adhered to hers, and her tears and despair appeared so dangerous to the confederates, that the midwife, fearful that nature and truth would unveil the cruel mystery, endeavoured to put an end to the life of the Countess. After some days, she persuaded her, that if she were to go into a carriage, and be driven over rough ground, it would bring on the labour. The Countess, who was weak and exhausted, would not consent to undergo this fatiguing and dangerous experiment; but the Count

Count and the Marſhaleſs beſought her to attempt it. To ſatisfy them ſhe conſented, all unable as ſhe was, and being carried to her coach, was violently driven over ploughed grounds, and along the rougheſt roads that could be choſen in the neighbourhood of St. Geran. After undergoing this cruel experiment for two hours, ſhe was brought home, fainting, and put again into her bed, whence her inhuman perſecutors hoped ſhe would ariſe no more. But the ſtrength of her conſtitution prevented her ſinking under the means uſed to deprive her of life. She began, though very ſlowly, to recover her health; but the conviction of her having loſt her infant was every day ſtrengthened. Nobody ſuſpected ſuch a crime as had been committed; and at length, as time advanced, and no deli-

very took place, every one began to ſuppoſe ſhe had been deceived, as has ſo often happened to others, by ſymptoms reſembling pregnancy, and by ſo much wiſhing to find it ſo. This opinion gained univerſal belief; but the Counteſs was not to be ſo argued out of her ſenſes—till, finding that nobody attended to her complaints, but imputed them to her fondneſs for an illuſion ſo flattering to her wiſhes, ſhe tried to ceaſe ſpeaking of what was deeply engraved on her heart, and, ſince ſhe ſaw no remedy, to forbear to complain: — ſtill however perſuaded that ſhe had borne a child, her grief and melancholy often got the better of her reſolution not to afflict the Count by renewing the memory of their diſappointment; but, after ſome months had elapſed, theſe burſts of affliction became

came leſs violent; till a ſingular circumſtance again awakened the recollection of what had happened, together with ſuſpicion of its cauſe. While this interval paſſed, we will return to trace the fate of the child thus vainly lamented by its mother.

Beaulieu had a brother, who had been a fencing-maſter at Paris, and who died, about two years before this period, in great poverty, leaving his wife, the daughter of an actor, whoſe name was Mary Pigoreau, in wretched circumſtances: to the care of this woman Beaulieu determined to give the child, who was very glad to undertake it; two thouſand livres being left in the hands of De Raguenet, a grocer at Paris, which he was from time to time to pay her, without knowing, or probably enquiring, for what.

La Pigoreau bought for the infant, every neceſſary that is furniſhed for a child of faſhion, and took the greateſt care of him. She procured him a nurſe at Jorcy en Brie, whoſe name was Paillard, and with whom ſhe was intimate. This woman, after ſuckling him a ſhort time, was taken ill, and gave notice to La Pigoreau, that ſhe might get another nurſe; La Pigoreau expreſſed her concern to her, ſaying it was pity ſhe loſt ſo good a chance of making her fortune, for that the little boy belonged to a great nobleman, who one day or other would reward thoſe who brought him up. As another nurſe, however, was to be found, La Pigoreau put him to a woman in the ſame village, who was lately a widow, and whoſe name was Sequin. To this woman ſhe alſo ſaid, that he was

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the ſon of a great lord, who was able to make her a rich woman. In conſequence of this report, and of the woman's being regularly paid every month, great care was taken of the young Count; who was, at the age of eighteen months, fetched by La Pigoreau from this wet-nurſe, and weaned. La Pigoreau had been mother of two ſons, the eldeſt called Anthony, the youngeſt, born after his father's death, called Henry, who died when only a few months old. Had this youngeſt ſon been living, he would have been three years older than the young Count; but when La Pigoreau brought him to her houſe, ſhe pretended he was her laſt child, Henry, by this means redoubling the myſtery of his birth, and putting an end to all enquiries—for, that nobody might remark the age of

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the child, who knew that her youngeſt by her huſband muſt be much older, ſhe diſcharged her lodgings, took leave of her acquaintance, as if going into the country, and went to another part of Paris, where ſhe produced the little Count as her youngeſt ſon.

Whether it was by agreement between La Pigoreau and Beaulieu, or whether the money was no longer ſo punctually paid, which made her weary of her charge, is uncertain; but at two years and a half old ſhe carried the child to Beaulieu, who was then at Paris with the Count and Counteſs, ſaying, that ſhe was no longer able to maintain both her children, and that as Beaulieu was their father's brother, and having ſo good a place, was in a ſituation to help her, he muſt take the youngeſt. To this

Beaulieu

Beaulieu agreed, and aſked leave of his lord and lady (who were extremely kind to him) to take the child into the Hotel de St. Geran. The Counteſs told him he was welcome, but at the ſame time repreſented to him how little he could afford to burthen himſelf with any additional charge, who had five children of his own. His wife too was extremely chagrined, to find he meant to undertake to provide for his nephew; but he anſwered, that if his lord and lady would ſuffer the little boy to be at their hotel, he would be very little expence to him; and the Count and Counteſs, with their uſual goodneſs, conſented to indulge him. La Pigoreau had often been heard to ſay, ſhe was in no pain about the fate of her youngeſt ſon, who was ſure of being provided for;

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ſome of her neighbours therefore repreſented to her, that ſince ſhe was certain of an eſtabliſhment for one of them, ſhe had better avail herſelf of it for Anthony the eldeſt, who was a plain coarſe boy, and keep Henry with her, whoſe beauty would always be a recommendation; to which ſhe anſwered, that ſhe could not act otherwiſe than as ſhe had determined; which was to ſend Henry to his uncle.

The child therefore was brought to the Hotel de St. Geran, juſt as the Counteſs and her ſuite were getting into the carriages, which were to carry them from Paris to Moulins; ſhe bid them put the little boy into the coach behind hers, where her women were; his ſuppoſed uncle led him along, in order to do ſo, near the Counteſs, who was ſtepping into her own coach. The

brilliancy

brilliancy of his complexion, his fine light hair, his blue eyes, and the general beauty of his innocent face, which had ſomething that appeared to her particularly intereſting, ſtruck her; ſhe ſtopped, looked earneſtly on him; and, as if drawn towards him by an irreſiſtible ſympathy, took him in her arms——Good God, cried ſhe, Beaulieu! what a lovely child is this nephew of yours! he ſhall not go in the other coach—put him into mine—I never ſaw ſo ſweet a creature.—The maitre d'hotel obeyed his lady; and the little Count, who was called Henry Beaulieu, and believed to be the ſon of a fencing-maſter, and the nephew of their ſervant, was thus returned to his unconſcious parents.—— When they arrived at the end of their journey, the Counteſs, who had never ceaſed admiring

miring and careſſing Henry, could not determine to part with him: ſhe ordered him to remain in her own apartments, and to be attended by her women; and her attachment to him hourly encreaſed. The Count was almoſt as fond of him as his lady; and the little boy, as if attracted towards them by the force of blood, was never ſo happy as when they allowed him to play round them, and return their fondneſs. In all his little diſtreſſes he ſought ſhelter in their arms, and every hour their mutual affection encreaſed. The Counteſs often looked on him till her eyes were filled with tears, and ſhe would ſigh and ſay—Alas! had the dear babe lived, whom I thought to have called mine, it would have been juſt the age of this, and perhaps as lovely and as engaging!

The Marquis de St. Maixant, and the Marchioneſs de Bouillé, were very much alarmed, when they found that Beaulieu had placed the child ſo near his parents; yet they dared not uſe any means to ſeparate them, as their interference in ſuch an affair would only have awakened thoſe ſuſpicions they were ſo deſirous of evading.

Beaulieu, who had been ſeduced by hopes of ſuddenly enriching his family by the rewards promiſed him, which a long courſe of ſervice could do but ſlowly, now ſaw the fallacy of thoſe viſionary proſpects with which he had been miſled, and remorſe of conſcience purſued him, from which he found no reſpite. To reveal the crime he had committed, would have been the moſt immediate remedy; but the fear of St. Maixant, and the dread of his maſter's reſentment,

reſentment, prevented this from time to time; though the anguiſh of his ſoul would not ſuffer him to remain wholly ſilent. He was ſometimes heard to ſay, that the honour and the life of Madame de Bouillé were in his hands; ſometimes, that the Count and Counteſs had more reaſon to love little Henry than they were aware of; and to his confeſſor he propoſed this queſtion — Whether a man, having aſſiſted to ſecrete a child from its parents, was exculpated from guilt, if he afterwards reſtored their child to them as the child of a ſtranger, and did not reveal the myſtery? It is probable that the anſwer given by the Confeſſor did not calm thoſe ſcruples, which ſtill ſeemed to hang heavy on Beaulieu's heart, ſince he often appeared under great agitation and abſence of mind;

and

and once, when a perſon at Mouſins congratulated him on the affection which his lord and lady ſhewed to his nephew, he haſtily anſwered, that it was natural enough, for that he was nearly related to them. Theſe words, and many others of the ſame tendency, ſeemed to eſcape him in ſpite of himſelf, and perhaps were the reſult of the perpetual combat between his conſcience and his fear.

St. Maixant, who lived in continual dread of detection, now began to apprehend, that, long ere he ſhould be able to reap the fruits of his crime, the remorſe of Beaulieu would not only render it ineffectual, but plunge him into all the horrors of thoſe puniſhments he had ſo well deſerved. He was not of a temper, after having gone ſo far, to leave any thing undone, and

therefore determined to take away by poiſon the life of the man who daily ſubjected his to hazard. Beaulieu fell into a diſorder, which put an end to his life in a few days; but which firſt ſeemed to have affected his reaſon. He raved of the injury he had done his lord and lady, and beſought them to forgive him: while they, ſuppoſing him delirious, fearful of haſtening his death by enquiry, and beſides, ſuſpecting nothing of the real meaning of his words, endeavoured only to have him kept calm; and he died without revealing the ſecret which burthened his heart.

The little Henry, notwithſtanding the death of his ſuppoſed uncle, ſtill continued to be the favourite of the Count and Counteſs, who procured for him maſters of all ſorts, and attended

tended themſelves to the cultivation of his underſtanding and the regulation of his morals. When he was ſeven years old, they dreſſed him in a ſilk veſt of the colour of their livery, and called him their little page; in which quality he continued to ſerve them till the ſecret of his birth was diſcovered.

The ſpeeches of Beaulieu did not fail of being remembered; the ſtrange circumſtances which attended the Counteſs's illneſs, when ſhe believed herſelf pregnant; and the ſtories told by the nurſes; all theſe things had made their impreſſion, and numberleſs reports ran among the common people. By degrees they made their way to higher circles, and at length reached the Count and Counteſs de St. Geran.

About the ſame time, the Count be-

ing ill, went to Vichi, where the midwife then lived, to drink the waters. The Counteſs, and the Marchioneſs de Bouillé, attended him; and the former one day unexpectedly entering an apartment where Madame de Bouillé was, ſaw her in cloſe conference with the midwife. The Counteſs aſked, with an air of ſurprize, what they were talking of? Madame de Bouillé, who could neither conceal her confuſion, or evade the queſtion, anſwered, that Dame Louiſa was praiſing her brother the Count; and ſaying how good he was, not to bear her any ill-will. And why? (ſaid the Counteſs, addreſſing the old woman) have you any reaſon to ſuppoſe he ſhould be diſpleaſed with you? — I - - - I - - - feared, Madam, ſaid ſhe, that my Lord might - - - - might have diſliked me,

me, and blamed me for what paſſed when your Ladyſhip was thought to be in labour. The confuſed looks of them both, and the ſtrangeneſs of this anſwer, ſtruck Madame de St. Geran; however, ſhe commanded herſelf, and let the converſation drop for that time. But the Marchioneſs, whoſe guilt made her tremble at ſhadows, ſaw, or fancied ſhe ſaw, anger and indignation in the Counteſs's mannner; and, finding the dread of a diſcovery grow every day more inſupportable, ſhe made ſome pretence to quit her brother, and retired to her own houſe at Lavoine.

The miſeries of conſcious guilt had long ſince taught her, how much real ſatisfaction ſhe had ſacrificed to the chimerical hope of marrying the artful and unworthy man who had won her heart. The two Quinets, the wo-

men who were in the Counteſs's ſervice when ſhe was delivered, and who were in the ſecret, ſhe had taken to wait on herſelf, and had ſhewn them for ſome time great favour; but, as the leagues of the wicked are eaſily diſſolved, theſe women, who knew how much their miſtreſs was in their power, grew by degrees ſo inſolent, that the Marchioneſs was obliged to diſmiſs them, but not till the elder had threatened, and almoſt proceeded to ſtrike her. Though ſhe ſent them from her houſe, ſhe was ſtill obliged, from time to time, to renew the purchaſe of their ſecrecy by ſums of money—and yet lived in conſtant horror of their divulging the myſtery, which ſhe now feared could not be long concealed.

The reports that continually were repeated to the Counteſs, and the circumſtance

cumſtance of the conference held between Madame de Bouillé and the midwife, at length determined her to apply to juſtice for an order to arreſt the midwife, and oblige her to ſpeak. After ſeveral conſultations betwen the Count, the Counteſs, and the Marſhaleſs, they agreed firſt to examine the woman themſelves, with as little noiſe as poſſible; they therefore ſent for her ro St. Geran, where they queſtioned her cloſely. They found that ſhe prevaricated, and contradicted herſelf; and in her looks and anſwers there appeared ſo much of guilt and confuſion, that they no longer doubted of her having committed ſome great crime, but whether it was the murder or the concealment of their infant, they could not yet tell — they heard however enough to make them adhere to their

reſolution of arreſting the midwife; but they diſmiſſed her for that time, without any marks of anger, that ſhe might not be alarmed, and eſcape, as ſhe would probably have done, had ſhe ſuppoſed that the Count would carry his enquiry farther. Immediately afterwards, they laid they complaint before the Vice Senechal of Moulins; upon which the midwife was taken into cuſtody, and examined before that magiſtrate.

She confeſſed that the Counteſs de St. Geran had really been delivered of a child, but ſaid it was a daughter, ſtillborn, and that ſhe had buried it under a ſtone ſtep of the grainery in the farm-yard. The magiſtrate, accompanied by a phyſician and ſurgeon, went to the place, but they found neither the ſtone the woman deſcribed, or any

place at all reſembling it. They examined, very narrowly, every ſpot that could anſwer the deſcription, however remotely, but found no trace of the removal of earth, or the leaſt probability of the interment pretended to have been made. An interment for which no reaſon could be aſſigned; for if the Counteſs had indeed been delivered of a ſtill-born child, no motive whatever could have induced the midwife or the aſſiſtants to have concealed it.

The Marſhaleſs, enraged at the midwife's prevarication, and convinced beyond a doubt of her guilt, declared that ſhe deſerved death, and determined to leave no effort untried to bring her to juſtice.

In purſuance of this determination, proper officers of the law proceeded againſt the midwife, Louiſa Goillard.

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On her ſecond examination, ſhe ſaid that the Counteſs de St. Geran had not been delivered — in the third examination, that ſhe had brought forth a mole—and in the fourth, that ſhe had borne a ſon, which had been ſecreted by Beaulieu, and carried away in a baſket. And in the fifth, when ſhe was put to the bar, and again cloſely interrogated, ſhe ſaid, that it was through fear only ſhe had been driven to ſay that the Counteſs had borne a child; for there was no child. In the courſe of theſe examinations ſhe never accuſed, or even mentioned the names of, the Marchioneſs de Bouillé or St. Maixant.

But as ſoon as ſhe found herſelf arreſted, ſhe ſent her ſon to Madame de Bouillé, to inform her of what had happened. Terror and conſternation immediately

immediately overwhelmed her; ſhe ſaw the moment at hand, which ſhe had ſo long dreaded; yet ſtill hoping to evade its conſequences, ſhe ſent a man, named La Forreſterie, who ſerved her as an upper domeſtic, to the Lieutenant General of the Police, whom ſhe had formerly employed, and who had, ſhe knew, a particular enmity to her brother the Count de St. Geran. She deſired he would adviſe her how to aſſiſt Goillard the midwife, without appearing in it. He recommended it to her, to ſtop the proceedings by obtaining an arret. The Marchioneſs ſent therefore to her attorney, ordering him to do this, in the name of William Goillard, the ſon of the woman; and, that he might obey this order with alacrity, ſhe ſent him a ſum of money. The attorney obtained

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ed the arret, and by that means a ſhort ſuſpenſion of the procedures. The reſpite however was of little uſe, for the arret was, on application from the other party, almoſt immediately annulled, and the cauſe went on.

La Forreſterie was afterwards ſent by his lady to the two Quinets, to whom he carried money. Theſe women, grown more rapacious as the danger encreaſed, deſired La Forreſterie to tell Madame de Bouillé that they had already had conſiderable offers of reward, if they would tell what they knew — That the Counteſs de St. Geran had offered to take them back, and to place them in a more advantageous ſituation than before — That a Capuchin friar had been tampering with them, in hopes of getting their ſecret from them, in confeſſion,

feſſion, and by dint of very large offers which the Counteſs had commiſſioned him to make; but they artfully added, that while Madame de Bouillé continued their friend, they could not reſolve to diſcover what might be ſo prejudicial to her. They put into the hands of La Forreſterie a paper, in which was written twenty-five queſtions which the Capuchin had deſired them to anſwer; and they begged that Madame de Bouillé would dictate their anſwers againſt his return.—Some time after, La Forreſterie quitting Madame de Bouillé in diſguſt, ſhe threatened that if ever he dared reveal all this, ſhe would have him aſſaſſinated. But dreading the evidence of the Quinets, and finding how little their ſecrecy could be depended upon, ſhe determined to engage them again, to be

near

near her, and to purchaſe their ſilence at any price. For this purpoſe ſhe gave the eldeſt a portion of twelve thouſand livres, and married her to De Liſle, her maitre d'hotel; and the youngeſt ſhe took as her femme de chambre. It is probable that continual anxiety and remorſe, together with the failure of her project of marriage (for St. Maixant was now again impriſoned, either for his former crimes, or ſome more recent one) threw her into a ſtate of deſpondency, and haſtened her death, for ſhe lived not long after. But the ſuit was ſupported by perſons, who, though not equally guilty, were equally intereſted in the ſuppreſſion of the heir to the family of De la Guiche. After her death La Forreſterie appeared, and made oath of the agency in which ſhe had employed

ployed him. —— The Marquis de St. Maixant, the original contriver of this iniquitous plan, had now again involved himſelf in affairs, for which he was confined in the Conciergerie at Paris; ſo little to be depended on is the ſucceſs of the abandoned and profligate, whatever abilities they poſſeſs. Madame de Bouillé, though her huſband had been ſome time dead, had relinquiſhed all thoughts of marrying her paramour — and, by ſeveral circumſtances which appeared in the evidence, he ſeems to have connected himſelf with others, and to have given himſelf up to a courſe of debauchery; which probably ſhewed the Marchioneſs, that the point ſhe had hazarded ſo much to obtain, was likely to embitter her life with all the miſeries of guilt, without even its tranſitory pleaſures.

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ſures.—St. Maixant being now a cloſe priſoner, was attended by a page named Prudent Berger, in whom he had confidence. In the many hours of melancholy and deſpondency, which he paſſed in his confinement, he related to this young man many of the tranſactions of his paſt life, and at length told him of the ſuppreſſion of the child born to the Count and Counteſs de St. Geran, who was, he ſaid, ſtill alive. The Page very naturally ſaid to him—"I wonder, Sir, ſince you have ſo many things on your mind, which diſturb you, that you do not diſcharge your conſcience of all uneaſineſs, relative to this child, by reſtoring him to his parents."—To which St. Maixant anſwered—"That I intend to do—A Capuchin friar, to whom I owned in confeſſion that I had

" had taken away the heir of a great " houſe, the grandſon of a Marſhal of " France, from the midſt of his family, " has told me, that he cannot give " me abſolution till I reſtore him."— St. Maixant ſoon afterwards obtained, by the kindneſs of the gaoler, a greater degree of liberty, and was permitted to go out attended by one of the keepers. He took this Page with him to the lodgings of La Pigoreau, where the little Henry, then about ſeven years old, was ſometimes ſuffered to go on a viſit to his pretended mother. There St. Maixant ſhewed him to the Page, and ſaid to him, " Obſerve well " this child, that if you ſhould be " hereafter called upon, you may iden- " tify him:" and he owned afterwards to the Page, that the child he had ſeen, remarkable for his beauty,

and particularly ſo for his fine light hair and blue eyes, was the little boy, whom he had taken from his parents, the Count and Counteſs de St. Geran. Very ſoon after this, the Marquis de St. Maixant was ſeized with his laſt illneſs; when his ſituation became deſperate, a prieſt attended him to adminiſter the ſacraments. To this prieſt he ſaid, with difficulty, that he could not receive them till he had revealed a ſecret relative to the Count and Counteſs de St. Geran; but hardly had he proceeded ſo far in his confeſſion before the agonies of death ſeized him; and he left the world without making the only reparation now in his power for his atrocious crime——ſo dangerous it is to defer till to-morrow, what conſcience requires us to do to-day.

By

By the death of St. Maixant and Madame de Bouillé, the two principal actors were withdrawn from the ſcene. But the Dutcheſs de Ventadour and the Counteſs de Lude now became the adverſe parties, whoſe rank and affluence made them infinitely more formidable. The firſt of theſe ladies was the ſurviving daughter of the Marſhal de St. Geran, by Madame de Longuenay, his ſecond wife, and was conſequently ſiſter to the Count by the father, and to the Counteſs by the mother — and thus heireſs to them both. The Counteſs de Lude was the daughter to the Marchioneſs de Bouillé, and claimed her ſhare of the inheritance of the Marſhal de St. Geran, in right of her mother.

Enabled, by their fortune and their power, to counteract whatever mea-

ſures were taken by the Count and Counteſs de St. Geran, to eſtabliſh the proof of the birth of their ſon, they undertook to ſupport La Pigoreau, who was now to ſubſtantiate her right to the little Henry, whom ſhe undertook to prove was actually her ſon. She had not, however, voluntarily become a party, but was firſt comprehended in the accuſation by the proceedings of juſtice. Alarmed at the attack, which threatened the worſt conſequences, and flattering herſelf that through the protection of the Dutcheſs de Ventadour, and the Counteſs de Lude, ſhe might not only eſcape puniſhment, but obtain a proviſion, as a reward for the good offices ſhe could do them, ſhe readily enliſted herſelf in their ſervice, and, inſtead of ſhrinking from the enquiry, as a criminal, who

ſhared

ſhared the guilt of the original perpetrators, ſhe prepared boldly to appear as the injured perſon, and to inſiſt on her maternal rights being reſtored to her.

The adverſe party thus ſtrengthened, the cauſe went on with new vigour. The Count de St. Geran had obtained a ſentence of puniſhment againſt Louiſa Goillard the midwife. The infliction of it was ſtopped by an arret obtained by the Dutcheſs de Ventadour and Madame de Lude; though the name of La Pigoreau only appeared, and theſe ladies affected to have no connection with her.

While preparations were making for a new trial the midwife died, without having confeſſed her guilt. Her ſon, however, being now no longer apprehenſive of ſeeing his mother brought to

the ſcaffold, voluntarily declared that he would reveal the truths her danger had before obliged him to ſmother. He ſaid that his mother had repeatedly told him, that ſhe had delivered the Counteſs de St. Geran of a ſon, who had been carried away by Beaulieu, through the contrivance of St. Maixant and Madame de Bouillé; and the little boy who now lived at the hotel de St. Geran, under the name of Henry Beaulieu, was the child ſo ſecreted. He added, that ſince the death of the Marchioneſs de Bouillé, his mother had been ſupported by money with which the Dutcheſs de Ventadour and Madame de Lude had ſupplied her, and that they had paid the lawyers who undertook her defence.

In this ſtate were the proofs, when

the trial came to a hearing.—— The counſel for La Pigoreau endeavoured to ſupply by eloquence, the defects of their evidence. They ſaid that it was highly improbable a woman ſituated like La Pigoreau, who had not wherewithal to ſupply herſelf and her eldeſt ſon with the neceſſaries of life, ſhould thus claim another child, to ſhare her poverty and diſtreſs, if ſhe did not feel her maternal affection more forcible than even her indigence, and deſire to have her ſon reſtored to her, though ſhe had no proſpect for him and herſelf but poverty and obſcurity. They pleaded, that the Counteſs de St. Geran, attracted by the beauty of the boy, and extremely deſirous of having an heir, had dreſſed up a detail, for which there was no foundation originally, but her chimerical ideas, and at length

raiſed an idol, to whom ſhe wiſhed to ſacrifice the intereſts of the true heirs of the family. They inſiſted on the doubtful proofs of her having borne a child. The equivocation of the midwife made her evidence of no avail; and it was remarkable, that when the Counteſs de St. Geran was in labour of an infant, whoſe birth was of ſuch conſequence to an illuſtrious and ancient family, that nobody ſhould be preſent, who would ſwear to the fact of the birth; and above all, that the Marſhaleſs, who was ſo particularly intereſted in the event, and who from her age and experience, as well as her affection, ought to have attended, was not only out of the room at the time, but, after all appearance of pregnancy had ceaſed, was content to let the enquiry drop, and to allow that the whole

whole was a viſionary hope, originating in the ardent wiſhes of the Counteſs. A circumſtance that could hardly have happened, had the Marſhaleſs been thoroughly perſuaded that the Counteſs was really pregnant; for in that caſe ſhe would have undoubtedly inſiſted on a cloſer enquiry than ever appears to have been made.—This is the moſt forcible part of the pleadings of one of the counſel.—Another ſaid, that it might perhaps be thought unnatural, that a mother, in circumſtances ſo humble as thoſe of La Pigoreau, ſhould wiſh to deprive her ſon of the brilliant fortune offered him, as ſuppoſed heir to a great and powerful nobleman, and compel him to return to a participation of that miſery and indigence to which he was born; but that her maternal love was ſo ſtrong

that

that ſhe could not reſolve to loſe her ſon, even to ſee him Count de St. Geran; and were it weaker, her conſcience would prevent her ſuffering him to uſurp honours and riches to which he had no right. As to the reſemblance which the boy was allowed to bear to the Count de St. Geran, this he ſaid was no proof, ſince two perſons frequently are very like each other, who yet are not related.

Thus went the pleadings on behalf of the maternity of La Pigoreau; but the ladies de Ventadour and de Lude, whether they were aſhamed of appearing publicly as the ſupporters of a woman of ſuch a character as La Pigoreau, or whether they thought that by varying the plea, they ſhould diſtract the attention of the judges, and throw yet deeper obſcurity on the truth,

truth, determined to make their advances on a new ground; and, while they with one hand privately ſupported La Pigoreau, with the other they held up a falſe light to miſlead and confound the enquiries of that juſtice they affected to demand. —— When firſt La Pigoreau took the young Count, ſhe was afraid of having him baptized, leſt it ſhould occaſion enquiries into his birth; but after ſome time, ſhe contrived to have him privately chriſtened at St. John's en Greue; and the regiſter was in theſe words: — "On the 7th of "March, 1642, was baptized Bernard "— the ſon of ——— and of ———; "the godfather being Maur Marmi-"on, ſweeper and ſervant in the church; "and the godmother, Jane Chevalier, "the widow of Peter Thibou."

When the counſel for the Count

and

and Counteſs de St. Geran had proved that this regiſter was made of the baptiſm of the infant brought to the church by La Pigoreau, it appeared that it could not relate to her youngeſt ſon Henry, who was born three years before. It muſt therefore belong to ſome other child.

Wherepon the counſel for the ladies de Ventadour and de Lude endeavoured to prove, that it was the baptiſmal regiſter of one Bernard, the illegitimate ſon of a dancing-maſter at Paris, whoſe ſubſequent life they pretended to trace.

The death of Henry Beaulieu, the youngeſt ſon of La Pigoreau, which they apprehended would be proved, and the certainty that proof could be brought of his being born three years before the child in queſtion, were probably

bably the reaſons, that induced them to have recourſe to a new ſubterfuge. And in the courſe of the evidence it appeared, that though the regiſter of the interment of Henry Beaulieu could not be found, yet that Pigoreau had ſaid to many people (previous to her producing the little Count as her own) that her youngeſt ſon was dead. But afterwards, when ſhe determined to call this child hers, ſhe deſtroyed every memorial of the age as well as the death of the ſon, whoſe place ſhe aſſigned to the ſtolen child.

After various appeals, and all the chicane of the French law had been exerted to create delays, which carried on the ſuit till the year 1657, a hearing was again had, which laſted ſeven days. An arret was given by the judge, Monſieur de Meſmes, which ordered that

that the ladies de Ventadour and de Lude ſhould withdraw from being parties in the cauſe, becauſe, during the lives of the Count and Counteſs de St. Geran, their claim was dormant, and they had no right to diſpute a ſucceſſion which was not yet open—and La Pigoreau was ordered not to leave Paris, on pain of being declared guilty. This arret ſtill left the matter as undecided as before. And the ladies de Ventadour and de Lude, now acting only through La Pigoreau, directed her to renew the ſuit, by a requiſition to the court, that all the perſons who were preſent at the pretended delivery of the Counteſs ſhould be examined. This the court granted; but at the ſame time ordered, that in three days La Pigoreau ſhould ſurrender herſelf a priſoner at the Conciergerie. This order

order appeared ſo alarming to La Pigoreau, that, after conſidering ſome time, whether it were better to wait the event of the ſuit, which if ſhe gained would make her fortune, but which, if ſhe loſt it, would hazard her life, ſhe determined on the ſafeſt method, and, leaving her patroneſſes to carry it on as well as they could, ſhe fled into Holland, and was no more heard of.

Her flight was a cruel blow to the intereſts of the Dutcheſs de Ventadour and the Counteſs de Lude; but, irritated rather than diſcouraged, they continued to ſuſtain the ſuit: and the Count went into the Bourbonnois, to collect and bring to Paris all the witneſſes who were thought likely to throw new light on the affair. La Pigoreau was declared contumacious, and there was now every probability

of

of an immediate termination in favour of the legitimacy of the young Count. While the Count de St. Geran was occupied in procuring ſuch teſtimonies as might contribute to this deſirable end, the king, and the queen mother, in their progreſs from Lyons to Paris, ſtopped at his caſtle. The care of paying properly his duty to them, wholly poſſeſſed him during their ſtay, in which interval he had the ſatisfaction of preſenting his ſon to his ſovereign, under the title of the Count de la Palice, and of ſeeing him received as heir to his titles and eſtate. But this was the laſt pleaſure this unfortunate father enjoyed. The fatigue of the entertainments made for the king, and probably anxiety about his cauſe, which was unavoidably delayed by his abſence from the ſeat of juſtice,

affected

affected the Count's health. A fever ſeized him, which, after an illneſs of eight days, put an end to his life. He carried with him to the grave, the unhappy reflection of not having been able to eſtabliſh his ſon in his inheritance: but in a will made during his illneſs, he ſolemnly adjured the Counteſs to perſevere in the proceſs; and named Monſieur de la Barriere, Intendant of the Bourbonnois, and the Sieur Vialet, treaſurer of France, his executors, to whom he gave the like charge. He died on the 31ſt of January, 1659, giving with his laſt breath his bleſſing to his ſon, and begging of Heaven to reſtore him to the right of his anceſtors.

The Counteſs had no ſooner paid the laſt duties to his remains, and dried the tears of unavailing regret,

than ſhe prepared to fulfil his injunctions, with all the anxious zeal inſpired by her tenderneſs for her ſon, added to her ardent deſire of obeying the dying directions of her huſband.

The Dutcheſs de Ventadour, and the Counteſs de Lude, were now, by the death of the Count de St. Geran, put in ſituations to claim their inheritance, and again to become parties: the proceedings therefore recommenced, on both ſides, with infinitely more ardour than before.

The two ladies left nothing untried, to prove that the ſuppoſed birth of a child to the Counteſs de St. Geran was a fallacy; their counſel particularly inſiſted on the improbability of her having been delivered without knowing it, and the little likelihood there was, that a child of ſuch conſequence could

be ſtolen from the houſe of his parents in the inſtant of his birth. But the Counteſs de St. Geran had ſo ſucceſsfully exerted herſelf, and had collected ſuch a body of preſumptive evidence, the ſubſtance of whoſe depoſitions has been already related, that the Ducheſs de Ventadour and Madame de Lude found, that neither their addreſs or their riches could ſupport them againſt the force of truth; and though they contrived to lengthen the ſuit for three years longer, final judgment was at laſt given againſt them, to this effect:

" That, notwithſtanding the letters of inheritance which had been granted to Mary de la Guiche, Ducheſs Dowager of Ventadour, ſiſter by the half blood of Claude de la Guiche, Count de St. Geran; and to Eleonore de

Bouillé, niece of the ſaid Count de St. Geran — they ſhould now deſiſt from any farther claim to his eſtate and effects; and they were forbidden to moleſt or diſturb in his poſſeſſions Bernard de la Guiche, the ſon of the ſaid Count, by Suſanna de Longuenay, his wife; who was declared his ſole heir, and ordered to aſſume the arms and honours of Count de St. Geran. —Mary la Pigoreau, as accomplice in the concealment of the heir, was condemned to be hanged, if ſhe could be found; if not, to be hung in effigy, and all her goods confiſcated."

Thus, after a proceſs of many years, and an immenſe expence, the young Count ſaw himſelf reſcued from obſcurity, and reſtored to his mother, as well as to his fortune and his rank.

He married Claudia Frances Magdalane

dalane de Varignies, the only daughter of Francis de Monteville; but had no male heir; this branch therefore of the houſe of De la Guiche became extinct at his death, which happened in his fifty-fifth year.

This is from Guyot de Pitaval.

MADAME TIQUET.

MAdemoiſelle ANGELICA NICOLA CARLIER was the daughter of a bookſeller of Metz; who left her, at the age of fifteen, to the care of an aunt. The fortune he poſſeſſed amounted to more than a million of livres, which were to be equally divided between his daughter and a ſon, who was a few years younger. With this ſum, which in that country, and at that period, ſecured affluence to its poſſeſſor, Mademoiſelle Carlier would probably have had many lovers; but as, added to this advantage, her perſon was uncommonly beautiful, her admirers

mirers were innumerable. To the charms of a very lovely face were joined a figure above the middling height, extremely well formed, and receiving peculiar luſtre from that air of dignity, which commands reſpect, while it inſpires admiration.—Nor had nature been laviſh only in adorning her perſon; her underſtanding was extremely quick, and of maſculine firmneſs: a good heart only remained, to conſtitute a perfect character; but her's was unhappily ſo much otherwiſe, that it converted her other qualifications into misfortunes, and was the cauſe of her wretched cataſtrophe.

Thoſe who obſerved her nearly, even during her earlieſt years, ſaw evident ſymptoms of that malignant and violent ſpirit, that unbounded appetite

for pleaſure, and that revengeful and undaunted diſpoſition, which being never checked in her infancy, ſoon acquired a fatal aſcendancy, and at length ſtifled all ſentiments of reaſon and humanity. Young, rich, and beautiful as Mademoiſelle Carlier was, offers of marriage multiplied around her: among the moſt aſſiduous of her lovers, was Monſieur Tiquet, a counſellor of parliament; but as he had nothing in his perſon or addreſs likely to prejudice a young woman in his favour, he was for ſome time coldly received. Deſpairing of being able to make an impreſſion on the niece by his perſonal merit, he determined to ſecure the good offices of the aunt; and, going at once to the point, he preſented her with a purſe of four thouſand livres; after which ſhe became

came entirely devoted to him; and he ſoon ſaw that his liberality would anſwer all his hopes.

The aunt failed not to point out to her niece the advantage ſhe would gain by marrying the Sieur Tiquet, who could give her a degree of rank, to which, from her birth, ſhe had no claim. She dwelt on the riches and generoſity of this perſevering lover: whoſe continual preſents ſeemed to confirm all ſhe advanced in his praiſe. But Mademoiſelle Carlier ſtill heſitated between him and other of her lovers, whoſe perſons and ages were preferable in her eyes, till a diamond bouquet, preſented by Tiquet, determined the event in his favour: from the magnificence of the preſent judging of his riches; and from her aunt's report, of his good qualities, ſhe, without farther

farther attention either to his real character or fortune, became his wife.

The two firſt years of this marriage produced a ſon and a daughter; and Madame Tiquet, if not extremely attached to her huſband, lived at leaſt without ſhewing any marked diſlike to him: but ſhe was immerſed in diſſipation; and her expences were at length ſo exceſſive, that Tiquet found it abſolutely neceſſary to open to her the real ſtate of his fortune; when, to her inexpreſſible mortification, ſhe found that ſhe had married a man with very little property, and who was embarraſſed with debts, which he had no means of paying, but with her money. Diſguſt and rage took poſſeſſion of her at this unwelcome diſcovery; and, to add to the antipathy ſhe began to conceive againſt her huſband,

ſhe

ſhe commenced acquaintance, about the ſame time, with the Chevalier Mongeorge, a captain in the guards, whoſe perſon and manners were ſuch as formed the moſt decided contraſt to thoſe of the Sieur Tiquet. The uncommon attractions of Madame Tiquet made an immediate and deep impreſſion on this young officer; and when the attentions of the lover were added to his fine figure and ſeducing manners, he became an object before whom the unſubſtantial virtue of Madame Tiquet gave way. She was not only ſenſible of a violent paſſion for Mongeorge, but hated her huſband for reſembling him ſo little. And when the barrier was once broken down, ſhe ſcrupled not to give a looſe to the moſt debaſing and ſhameful intrigues. Mongeorge, however, was

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the object of her real attachment; and ſhe contrived to ſave appearances in regard to others, with ſo much art, that ſhe continued to be admitted into the beſt companies. As a connection, ſuch as ſubſiſted between Madame Tiquet and Mongeorge, has long found too much indulgence in the diſſolute manners of the French, nobody ſeemed to be much offended at their mutual partiality, but the huſband. The jealouſy of Monſieur Tiquet, which did not much ſweeten a temper originally very bad, proved ſo troubleſome to his wife, that ſhe could no longer keep terms of decency with him: her hatred was embittered ſtill farther on a cloſer inſight into the condition of his fortune, which he was now reluctantly obliged to give her; for his creditors, whoſe number had greatly encreaſed

creaſed by the expenſive preſents he had made during his courtſhip, grew ſo clamorous, that he could not continue to conceal the urgency or extent of their demands. As ſhe was very much alarmed by this derangement, ſo contrary to the expectations with which ſhe had married, ſhe applied to the proper court for a ſeparation of their effects, which was granted her; but though ſhe had thus ſecured her fortune from farther depredation, her hatred to her huſband augmented every day.

Since ſhe had known Mongeorge, with whom ſhe fancied ſhe ought to have been united, ſhe deteſted her huſband, for having on falſe pretences betrayed her into a marriage, for which ſhe had no inclination, and which had put an eternal barrier between her and the

the man ſhe loved. Embittered by this mortifying idea, the jealouſy and ill-humour of her huſband grew inſupportable; and, by continually irritating a temper naturally violent, proud, and malignant, at length produced the dreadful reſolution of relieving herſelf by procuring his death. When ſhe had once formed this deſign, it appeared every hour more eaſy to execute; and ſhe thought it better to hazard the guilt, and the infamy that muſt attend detection, than to continue to live with a man who made her exiſtence miſerable. It was not long before ſhe found wretches willing to undertake the execution of her deſign. A man named Cattelain, one of the loweſt of the people; and another, who was her porter, agreed to aſſaſſinate Tiquet, on his return home through the

the ſtreets. To theſe ruffians ſhe gave a large ſum of money; and they engaged in the plot others, who laid in wait for the unfortunate Tiquet, as he paſſed near his own door; but though ſeveral ſhot were fired at him, he eſcaped unhurt. This diſappointment, and perhaps ſome remains of remorſe, put by the intended aſſaſſination for that time. Madame Tiquet gave each of her horrid agents other ſums of money, as the price of their ſecrecy, telling them that ſhe would now think no more of gratifying her vengeance; and aſſuring them, that the leaſt breach of her confidence would coſt them their lives. Tiquet had probably ſuſpicions of his wife's evil intentions, and ſaw with miſtruſt and indignation her familiarity with the porter; whom he alſo ſuſpected of letting

letting in Mongeorge of a night: he therefore diſcharged this favoured ſervant, and took the keys himſelf. Of an evening nobody could enter or quit the houſe, but by applying to him; and when he went out, as he uſually did at night to ſup with his friends, where he often continued very late, he took the key with him; and on his return to go to bed, he placed it under his bolſter. As Madame Tiquet had a ſeparate apartment, they never met but at table, where both obſerved a melancholy ſilence. Many months paſſed, after the firſt attempt, before Madame Tiquet determined on another; but at length reſolved to try poiſon: for this purpoſe ſhe contrived to mingle ſome very noxious ingredient in a baſon of broth, which was prepared for her huſband; but this being given

to

to his valet-de-chambre to carry to his maſter, the man, either from ſomething he had ſeen, or from the ſmell of the broth, was convinced it was poiſoned; he therefore affected to make a falſe ſtep, and threw down the baſon. Being afraid of remaining in a houſe where ſuch ſcenes were paſſing, he deſired to be diſmiſſed, and when he was ſo, repeated every where what had happened.

Having again failed of her purpoſe, Madame Tiquet was obliged to continue to conceal in her own breaſt the rage and hatred which conſumed her; and it was near three years after her firſt attempt before ſhe reſolved on, or at leaſt found means to execute, the third. But, no longer able to command her inveterate inclination to evil, ſhe had recourſe once more to

the diſcarded porter, whom ſhe exhorted to procure more determined and ſkilful aſſiſtants than he had hired before.—The night was fixed, and Madame Tiquet thought only of compoſing her countenance, and concealing the agitation of her mind. She went out as uſual, and in the afternoon called in at the Counteſs d'Aunoy's, where a large and elegant company were aſſembled; ſomething ſingular appeared in her behaviour, and one of the party aſked her whence ſhe came, and what was the cauſe of the emotion which was evident in her manner?—"I have been," ſaid ſhe, "for two hours in company with the devil." "How!" exclaimed Madame d'Aunoy, "with the devil! you have been engaged then in a very diſcreditable converſation." "When I ſay with

the devil," replied Madame Tiquet, "I mean only with a female aſtrologer, who I believe deals with him, for ſhe knows every thing, and can predict future events." "And what has ſhe told you?" enquired Madame D'Aunoy. "Nothing but what is very pleaſant," returned Madame Tiquet; "ſhe has aſſured me, that in two months I ſhall be out of the power of my enemies, and perfectly happy; but you may judge from thence, Madam, that her ſcience is not infallible, for, as I ſhall certainly never be happy during the life of Monſieur Tiquet, and he is in too good a ſtate of health for me to expect ſo ſpeedy a deliverance from him, I am afraid the fortune-teller is miſtaken."—Whether Madame Tiquet had been with ſuch a perſon, or whether ſhe ſpoke thus from the impoſſibility

of being wholly ſilent while ſuch an event impended, cannot now be known: ſhe ſoon reaſſumed her uſual compoſure, ſtaid ſome time with the company at Madame d'Aunoy's, and then went home, where Madame de Senonville, one of her moſt intimate friends, waited her return. Though the hour now approached which was to conſummate her guilt, and deprive her huſband of life, ſhe had ſo far conquered her feelings as to appear to Madame de Senonville quite unembarraſſed and chearful. They continued in converſation till it was very late; for Madame de Senonville, willing to pique and incommode Tiquet, intended to ſtay till he ſhould be come home, and gone to bed, that ſhe might oblige him to get up again to let her out at the ſtreet-door, which he would ſuffer nobody

body but himſelf to unlock. Tiquet ſupped that night with Madame de Villemur, whoſe houſe was near his own: he ſtaid there, as was his cuſtom, very late, when, about the uſual hour of his return home, his ſervants, who were waiting for him to come in and go to bed, heard ſeveral reports of fire-arms in the ſtreet; they ran out, and found their maſter wounded and bleeding on the ground; they took him up, with an intention of carrying him into his houſe, but he had ſtrength enough to refuſe going thither, and directed them to take him to the houſe of Madame de Villemur, which he had juſt left. As ſoon as Madame Tiquet knew where he was, ſhe went thither; but he ordered the people about him to prevent her entering the room he was in, and to oblige her to return home.

of being wholly ſilent while ſuch an event impended, cannot now be known: ſhe ſoon reaſſumed her uſual compoſure, ſtaid ſome time with the company at Madame d'Aunoy's, and then went home, where Madame de Senonville, one of her moſt intimate friends, waited her return. Though the hour now approached which was to conſummate her guilt, and deprive her huſband of life, ſhe had ſo far conquered her feelings as to appear to Madame de Senonville quite unembarraſſed and chearful. They continued in converſation till it was very late; for Madame de Senonville, willing to pique and incommode Tiquet, intended to ſtay till he ſhould be come home, and gone to bed, that ſhe might oblige him to get up again to let her out at the ſtreet-door, which he would ſuffer nobody

body but himſelf to unlock. Tiquet ſupped that night with Madame de Villemur, whoſe houſe was near his own: he ſtaid there, as was his cuſtom, very late, when, about the uſual hour of his return home, his ſervants, who were waiting for him to come in and go to bed, heard ſeveral reports of fire-arms in the ſtreet; they ran out, and found their maſter wounded and bleeding on the ground; they took him up, with an intention of carrying him into his houſe, but he had ſtrength enough to refuſe going thither, and directed them to take him to the houſe of Madame de Villemur, which he had juſt left. As ſoon as Madame Tiquet knew where he was, ſhe went thither; but he ordered the people about him to prevent her entering the room he was in, and to oblige her to return home.

Surgeons were ſent for to examine his wounds: they found he had received three; but none of them were mortal, though one was very near the heart, ſo near, that the ſurgeons aſſerted it muſt inevitably have been ſtruck, if the fear which had ſeized him on the firſt fire had not cauſed his heart to contract itſelf;—how far this is founded on poſſibility, the ſkilful in the formation of the human body only can judge.

As ſoon as the news of this aſſaſſination reached the police, the commiſſary of that quarter of the town attended Monſieur Tiquet, to collect information: he enquired of him who he thought likely to have thus attempted his life?—who were his enemies? "I have no enemies," anſwered Tiquet, "but my wife." Though Madame

dame Tiquet was apprized of this anſwer, and of the ſuſpicions that were univerſally entertained of her guilt, ſhe had by this time acquired ſo perfect a command over herſelf, that ſhe appeared with all the ſerenity that conſcious innocence could have given her. As Tiquet was in no danger, ſhe did not affect to confine herſelf to her houſe on his account, but went out as uſual; and the very next evening waited again on the Counteſs d'Aunoy. The converſation of the company who were there turned naturally on the event of the preceding evening —Madame d'Aunoy aſked, "if Mr. Tiquet could not poſſibly gueſs at thoſe who had attempted his life?"—"Ah! Madame," anſwered Madame Tiquet, "if he *could*, he would not name them. You cannot be ignorant that he throws

the odium on me, and wiſhes it to be believed!—It is *I*, who am in my turn aſſaſſinated!" This ſhe uttered with the utmoſt compoſure, though ſhe could not but read in the looks of the company, that they all believed her huſband was right; and Madame d'Aunoy ſaid to her, that the porter ought to be ſecured. The opinion of her guilt now ſo univerſally prevailed, that it was determined to arreſt her: on her return home notice was given her that ſhe would be committed to priſon, and ſhe was adviſed to ſave herſelf by flight; but, relying on the ſteadineſs of her agents, who yet ſhe thought were not known, and believing her reſolute and calm behaviour would convince the world of her innocence, ſhe refuſed to liſten to this advice. The ſame notice and the ſame remonſtrance

ſtrance was repeated by ſeveral perſons who were attached to her, for ſeven or eight days, but ſhe continued ſtill to believe herſelf in no danger. On the eighth day a Theatin monk came haſtily into her room, and proteſted to her, that ſhe would be loſt irrecoverably, if ſhe did not inſtantly diſguiſe herſelf, and fly: he brought her a woollen robe like his own, and beſought her to put it on, and go down into the court, where the ſedan chair which had conveyed him waited, and the men had orders to carry the chair to a particular place, where ſhe would find a chaiſe and poſt-horſes, with perſons who might be depended upon, to conduct her to Calais; from whence ſhe might get an immediate paſſage to England. The infatuated woman ſtill refuſed: ſhe told the Theatin, that it

was

was for the guilty to fly, and not for her, who was conſcious of her own innocence; that ſhe knew her huſband was the author of the infamous calumny which accuſed her of the attempt againſt him; and that he was even pleaſed with an event, by which he hoped to frighten her away, in order to ſeize on her fortune; but ſhe was determined to diſappoint him, by not leaving her houſe, be the conſequence as it might. She thanked and diſmiſſed the Theatin, and reſolutely awaited the arrival of the officers of juſtice, truſting to the meaſures ſhe had taken to prevent the diſcovery of the ſecond attempt; and having long ſince loſt all apprehenſions of the conſequences of the firſt.

The next day after her refuſal of the Theatin's aſſiſtance, Madame de Senonville,

Senonville, her friend, came to ſee her, and when ſhe was about to take her leave, Madame Tiquet ſaid to her, "I beg you will ſtay a little longer with me; I expect to be arreſted and carried to priſon every moment, and I wiſh not to be alone when it happens." She had hardly finiſhed the ſentence when the officers of the police arrived, the Sieur Deffita, Lieutenant Criminal, being at their head, who entered the apartment of Madame Tiquet, and told her ſhe was his priſoner: ſhe anſwered, without any ſymptoms of terror or ſurprize, "You need not, Sir, have come ſo numerouſly attended, I have no intention to reſiſt or eſcape." She then deſired him to affix his ſeal to her cabinets, drawers, and doors, to ſecure her effects; and ſeeing her ſon, a child of eight years old, whom ſhe

loved

loved paſſionately, extremely terrified at what had happened, ſhe reaſſured him, by telling him that ſhe ſhould ſoon come back to him—gave him money that he might amuſe himſelf, and by the tranquillity of her manner perſuaded him to be compoſed; ſhe then bid adieu to Madame de Senonville, and got into the coach with the Lieutenant Criminal, with as much coolneſs and unconcern as if ſhe had been going to pay viſits: in going along ſhe obſerved the ſame tranquil behaviour, and did not ſeem at all terrified at the guards who ſurrounded her, or at being carried through the ſtreets like a criminal; ſhe even bowed to perſons of her acquaintance who paſſed the coach. On ſeeing the walls of the Châtelet ſhe changed colour, but ſoon recovered herſelf, and ſeemed determined

mined to brave the horrors that were preparing for her. There were, however, no proofs of Madame Tiquet's delinquency, in regard to the laſt attempt on her huſband's life; and ſhe might perhaps have eſcaped, if Cattelain, the man ſhe had employed the firſt time, in conjunction with the porter, had not voluntarily ſurrendered himſelf, and declared that, three years before, ſhe had hired him, by means of the porter, to deſtroy Tiquet; the porter was thereupon taken into cuſtody; and on the examination of theſe two men, the guilt of Madame Tiquet, in the firſt of theſe attempts, appeared ſo clear, that ſhe was tried, and condemned to be beheaded; the porter was ordered to be hanged; and Cattelain ſent to the gallies for life. As ſoon as ſentence was paſſed, Tiquet,

who

who was recovered of his wounds, went to Verſailles with his two children, and threw himſelf at the feet of the king, —"Sire," ſaid he, "I implore your clemency for my wife, theſe innocent children implore it for their mother; be not more ſevere than Heaven, who is willing to pardon the repentant ſinner; and which, having prevented her conſummating the crime, will readily forgive the intention. Your majeſty is leſs offended than I am, and ſurely will liſten to mercy! — The crime, however great, is expiated by the repentance of Madame Tiquet, and by the dread of an ignominious puniſhment. Pardon her then, Sire; and do not overwhelm theſe unfortunate children with the ſhame and diſgrace which muſt be their portion, if their mother dies on the ſcaffold."

The

The king appeared inexorable; and Tiquet, finding his application for her life not likely to avail, then aſked his majeſty to grant to him the fortune which was confiſcated; this he obtained: but the king obſerved, that the ſecond requeſt of Tiquet's had entirely deſtroyed the merit of the firſt.

The brother of Madame Tiquet, who was an officer in the guards, and the Chevalier Mongeorge, made every poſſible attempt to ſave her: the brother applied to perſons of high rank, and engaged them to intercede for his ſiſter; Mongeorge was equally earneſt with his friends, and they ſolicited his majeſty ſo warmly, that his reſolution ſeemed to give way; and he would perhaps have granted the life of Madame Tiquet, under certain conditions, had not the Archbiſhop of Paris interfered:

fered: he repreſented to the king, that the ears of the Grand Penitentiary of Paris were continually ſhocked with the confeſſions of women, who acknowledged their having attempted the lives of their huſbands; and that, to put a ſtop to ſuch enormities, which had lately encreaſed to an aſtoniſhing degree, it was abſolutely neceſſary to make an example of Madame Tiquet. In conſequence of this remonſtrance, ſhe was ordered for execution. In the mean time ſhe had no notice given her of her ſentence. The curate of St. Sulpice, however, had attended her, and endeavoured to inſpire her with a ſenſe of her condition, and to awaken thoſe ſentiments of religion and repentance it ſeemed to make ſo neceſſary; but he did not greatly ſucceed in his pious miſſion.

On

On the day fixed for her execution, the Lieutenant Criminal ſent guards to fetch her to the chamber, where ſhe was to undergo the queſtion; ſhe was even then ignorant of what was decided, and as ſhe went, aſked if her buſineſs was never to be concluded? Being brought, however, into the preſence of the Lieutenant Criminal, he read the arret to her: while it was reading, the eyes of all preſent were fixed on her, to obſerve what effect this terrible certainty would have on her. No ſymptoms of fear or concern appeared, not even the ſlighteſt change of complexion. The Lieutenant Criminal then attempted to awaken her ſenſibility, by repreſenting, in the darkeſt colours, the horrors of that abyſs of infamy and diſgrace into which ſhe was fallen. Madame Tiquet an-

ſwered, that the moſt humiliating circumſtance that had yet happened to her, was, ſeeing herſelf debaſed and degraded before *him*, whom ſhe had been uſed to behold at her feet, the humbleſt of her ſlaves (the Lieutenant Criminal, Deffita, had been one of her lovers). "As to the reſt, Sir," ſaid ſhe, "the day that terminates my life, will alſo terminate my miſery: I do not fear death, at leaſt I ſhall meet it with reſolution: you have ſeen me hear my ſentence without any marks of fear; and you will ſee me with equal courage go to the ſcaffold." The Lieutenant Criminal exhorted her to own her guilt, and to name her accomplices, that ſhe might ſpare herſelf the agonies of torture, which ſhe muſt otherwiſe undergo. She declared that ſhe had no confeſſion to make: but after the

firſt pot of water *, ſhe began to conſider that her obſtinacy would avail nothing, but would expoſe her to great perſonal ſufferings, ſhe therefore recanted, and owned all ſhe had done to put an end to her huſband's life. She was aſked whether the Chevalier de Mongeorge was acceſſary to, or acquainted with her intentions? ſhe anſwered, "Ah no! I took care never to give him the ſlighteſt intimation of it, knowing, that had he thought me capable of ſuch an attempt, I ſhould have loſt his affection for ever."

The curate of St. Sulpice now attended, to prepare her for the laſt dreadful ſcene; ſhe oppoſed ſome of his reaſoning with her uſual acuteneſs,

* A ſpecies of torture, but of the nature of which we are happily unacquainted in this country.

and then, either to ſhorten the ſcene, or becauſe ſhe had long ſince hardened herſelf againſt all belief, and thought nothing that related to religion worth contending about, ſhe ſeemed to be convinced by his arguments, and to be ready to die like a Chriſtian. She beſought the curate to intercede with her huſband for his forgiveneſs, and to aſſure him that ſhe died under a return of thoſe ſentiments of regard, which ſhe had known for him during the firſt years of their marriage. The moment now arrived when ſhe was put into a cart, together with the porter her accomplice, and a confeſſor, to be carried to the Gréve. So great a concourſe of people was hardly ever ſeen in the ſtreets of Paris, as was now aſſembled to behold this extraordinary woman go to die: many periſhed by being

being trampled or cruſhed to death in the crowd. She appeared dreſſed in white, her beauty undiminiſhed, though ſhe was now in her forty-ſecond year: the graceful dignity of her figure was conſpicuous even in this dreadful ſituation; and for ſome time ſhe continued undauntedly ſurveying the multitude; but at length the idea of being thus a public ſpectacle ſeemed to ſtrike and ſhock her; ſhe pulled her hood over her face, to conceal the emotions of her ſoul; but, on the confeſſor's repreſenting to her, that ſhe ſhould ſuffer this ſhame and mortification, as helping to expiate her crime, ſhe again uncovered her face, and expoſed it to the view of the ſpectators, with a firm and calm confidence. As the cart went on, ſhe addreſſed herſelf to the porter, and deſired his forgiveneſs, for having

been the means of bringing him to an ignominious death: the man, in his turn, beſought her to pardon him, for having by his confeſſion contributed to her condemnation: they exchanged forgiveneſs, and mutually beſought each other to die a chriſtian death. When ſhe arrived at the place of execution, a violent ſtorm occaſioned conſiderable delay; while ſhe was obliged to wait, ſhe ſaw before her eyes the dreadful apparatus of death, and the mourning coach which was to carry away her body; but ſhe ſtill preſerved her firmneſs. As ſoon as the ſtorm abated, the porter was led to execution: his fate ſhe bitterly deplored, but ſeemed quite regardleſs of her own. Being now to mount the ſcaffold herſelf, ſhe gave her hand to the executioner, that he might aſſiſt her; and

before

before ſhe did ſo, ſhe kiſſed it, as a mark of civility. When ſhe was on the ſcaffold ſhe kiſſed the block, put her hair and head-dreſs in order, and placed herſelf in the attitude for decapitation, with the eaſe of an actreſs who had long ſtudied a part on the ſtage, and with as little concern as if ſhe had been acting it only. This calmneſs, and the air of grandeur which ſo eminently diſtinguiſhed the ſufferer, terrified the executioner; he ſtruck her twice without ſevering the head from the body, which he compleated only at the third ſtroke; when it fell, a loud and univerſal groan was heard from the ſurrounding multitude; thoſe who were about the ſcaffold being almoſt every body of the court, and town, who could procure a place. The head was left ſome time on the ſcaffold, as a melan-

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choly ſpectacle, and a fearful example; and thoſe who ſaw it cloſely ſaid, that even the horrors of a violent death had not robbed it of its beauty.

While this tragical ſcene was paſſing at Paris, Mongeorge was at Verſailles, where he hid himſelf in the park, filled with ſorrow for the death of a woman whom he at once deteſted and loved. When he attended the King at night, as his duty obliged him to do, his Majeſty told him he was very glad to hear Madame Tiquet had ſo entirely acquitted him of all participation of her guilt, "though I," ſaid the King, "never a moment ſuſpected you." Mongeorge thanked his Majeſty for his goodneſs, and took that opportunity of ſoliciting leave of abſence for eight months, which he obtained; and employed the time in travelling

travelling to other countries, in hopes of diſſipating that uneaſineſs and regret, which he found he ſhould be unable to conquer, while he remained in thoſe ſcenes, which had witneſſed his long attachment to Madame Tiquet.

From Guyot de Pitaval.

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ANGLADE.

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THE Count of Montgomery rented part of an hotel in the Rüe Royale, at Paris. The ground floor and firſt floor were occupied by him; the ſecond and third by the Sieur d'Anglade. The Count and Counteſs de Montgomery had an eſtabliſhment ſuitable to their rank; they kept an almoner, and ſeveral male and female ſervants, and their horſes and equipage were numerous in proportion. Monſieur d'Anglade (who was a gentleman, though of an inferior rank to the Count) and his wife lived with leſs ſplendor, but yet with elegance and decency ſuitable to their ſituation in

life. They had a carriage, and were admitted into the beſt companies, where probably d'Anglade encreaſed his income by play; but, on the ſtricteſt enquiry, it did not appear that any diſhonourable actions could be imputed to him. The Count and Counteſs de Montgomery lived on a footing of neighbourly civility with Monſieur and Madame d'Anglade; and, without being very intimate, were always on friendly terms. Some time in September, 1687, the Count and Counteſs propoſed paſſing a few days at Villebouſin, one of their country houſes: they informed Monſieur and Madame d'Anglade of their deſign, and invited them to be of the party. They accepted it; but the evening before they were to go, they for ſome reaſon or other (probably becauſe Madame d'Anglade was

not

not very well) begged leave to decline the honour, and the Count and Counteſs ſet out without them; leaving in their lodgings one of the Counteſs's women, four girls whom ſhe employed to work for her in embroidery, and a boy who was kept to help the footmen. They took with them the prieſt, Francis Gagnard, who was their almoner, and all their other ſervants.

The Count pretended that a ſtrange preſentiment of impending evil hung over him, and determined him to return to Paris a day ſooner than he intended. Certain it is, that inſtead of ſtaying till Thurſday, as they propoſed, they came back on Wedneſday evening. On their coming to their hotel a few moments before their ſervants (who followed them on horſeback), they obſerved that the door of a room

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on the ground floor, where their men-ſervants ſlept, was a-jar, though the almoner, who always kept the key, had double locked it when he went away. Monſieur d'Anglade, who was out when they came home, returned to his lodgings about eleven o'clock; bringing with him two friends, with whom he had ſupped at the Preſident Roberts's. On entering, he was told that the Count and Counteſs were returned, at which, it is ſaid, he appeared much ſurprized. —However, he went into the apartment where they were, to pay his compliments. They deſired him to ſit down, and ſent to beg Madame d'Anglade would join them; ſhe did ſo, and they paſſed ſome time in converſation, after which they parted. The next morning the Count de Montgomery diſcovered that the lock of his ſtrong

ſtrong box had been opened by a falſe key, from whence had been taken thirteen ſmall ſacks, each containing a thouſand livres in ſilver; eleven thouſand five hundred livres in gold, being double piſtoles; and an hundred louis d'ors of a new coinage, called au Cordon, together with a pearl necklace, worth four thouſand livres.

The Count, as ſoon as he made this diſcovery, went to the Police and preferred his complaint, deſcribing the ſums taken from him, and the ſpecies in which thoſe ſums were. The Lieutenant of the Police went directly to the hotel; where from circumſtances it clearly appeared, that the robbery muſt have been committed by ſome one who belonged to the houſe. Monſieur and Madame d'Anglade earneſtly deſired to have their apartments and

their

their ſervants examined: and, from ſome obſervations he then made, or ſome prejudice he had before entertained againſt Monſieur and Madame d'Anglade, the Lieutenant of the Police ſeems to have conceived the moſt diſadvantageous opinion of them, and to have been ſo far prepoſſeſſed with an idea of their guilt, that he did not ſufficiently inveſtigate the looks and the conduct of others. In purſuance, however, of their deſire to have their rooms ſearched, he followed them thither, and looked narrowly into their drawers, cloſets, and boxes; unmade the beds, and ſearched the mattraſſes and the paillaſſes *. On the floor they themſelves inhabited, nothing was

* Straw, cloſely ſtuffed into a coarſe cloth, in form of a bed, which is placed under the mattraſſes.

found:

found: he then propoſed aſcending to the attic ſtory, to which Monſieur d'Anglade readily conſented. Madame d'Anglade excuſed herſelf from attending, ſaying that ſhe was ill and weak. However her huſband went up with the officer of juſtice, and all was readily ſubmitted to his inſpection. In looking into an old trunk, filled with cloaths, remnants, and parchments, he found a rouleau of ſeventy louis d'ors au cordon, wrapt in a printed paper, which printed paper was a genealogical table, which the Count ſaid was his.

This ſeems to have been the circumſtance which ſo far confirmed the before groundleſs and ſlight ſuſpicions of the Lieutenant of the Police, that it occaſioned the ruin of theſe unfortunate people.

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As ſoon as theſe ſeventy louis were brought to light, the Count de Montgomery inſiſted upon it that they were his; though, as they were in common circulation, it was as impoſſible for him to ſwear to *them* as to any other coin. He declared, however, that he had no doubt but that Monſieur and Madame d'Anglade had robbed him; and ſaid that he would anſwer for the honeſty of all his own people; and that on this occaſion he could not but recollect that the Sieur Grimaudet, who had before occupied this hotel, which Monſieur d'Anglade had inhabited at the ſame time, had loſt a valuable piece of plate. It was therefore, the Count ſaid, very probable that d'Anglade had been guilty of both the robberies, which had happened in the ſame place while he inhabited it.

On this rouleau of ſeventy louis d'ors, the Lieutenant of the Police ſeized. He bid Monſieur d'Anglade count them; he did ſo, but, terrified at the imputation of guilt, and of the fatal conſequence which in France often follows the imputation only, his hand trembled as he did it; he was ſenſible of it, and ſaid — "I tremble." — This emotion, ſo natural even to innocence, appeared, in the eyes of the Count and the Lieutenant, a corroboration of his guilt. After this examination they deſcended to the ground floor, where the almoner, the page, and the valet de chambre were accuſtomed to ſleep together, in a ſmall room. Madame d'Anglade deſired the officer of the Police to remark, that the door of this apartment had been left open, and that the valet de chambre probably

knew why; of whom therefore enquiry ſhould be made. Nothing was more natural than this obſervation, yet to minds already prepoſſeſſed with an opinion of the guilt of Anglade and his wife, this remark ſeemed to confirm it; when in a corner of this room, where the wall formed a little receſs, five of the ſacks were diſcovered, which the Count had loſt; in each of which was a thouſand livres; and a ſixth, from which upwards of two hundred had been taken. After this, no farther enquiry was made, nor any of the ſervants examined. The guilt of Monſieur and Madame d'Anglade was aſcertained, in the opinion of the Lieutenant of the Police and the Count de Montgomery: and, on no ſtronger grounds than the circumſtance of finding the ſeventy louis d'ors, the emotion ſhewn by

d'Anglade while he counted them, and the remark made by his wife, were theſe unfortunate people committed to priſon. Their effects were ſeized. Monſieur l'Anglade was thrown into a dungeon in the Châtelet; and his wife, who was with child, and her little girl about four years old, were ſent to fort l'Eveque; while the ſtricteſt orders were given that no perſon whatever ſhould be admitted to ſpeak to them. The proſecution now commenced, and the Lieutenant of the Police, who had committed the unhappy man, was to be his judge. D'Anglade appealed, and attempted to inſtitute a ſuit againſt him, and make him a party, in order to prevent his being competent to give judgment; but this attempt failed, and ſerved only to add perſonal animoſity to the prejudice

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this officer had before taken up againſt Anglade. Witneſſes were examined; but, far from their being heard with impartiality, their evidence was twiſted to the purpoſes of thoſe, who deſired to prove guilty the man they were determined to believe ſo. The almoner, Francis Gagnard, who was the really guilty perſon, was among thoſe whoſe evidence was now admitted againſt Anglade; and this wretch had effrontery enough to conceal the emotions of his ſoul, and to perform a maſs, which the Count ordered to be ſaid at St. Eſprit, for the diſcovery of the culprits.

The Lieutenant of the Police, elate with his triumph over the miſerable priſoner, puſhed on the proſecution with all the avidity which malice and revenge could inſpire, in a vindictive

ſpirit. In ſpite, however, of all he could do, the proofs againſt d'Anglade were ſtill inſufficient; therefore he determined to have him put to the torture, in hopes of bringing him to confeſs the crime. Anglade appealed, but the parliament confirmed the order, and the poor man underwent the queſtion ordinary and extraordinary; when, notwithſtanding his acute ſufferings, he continued firmly to proteſt his innocence; till, covered with wounds, his limbs diſlocated, and his mind enduring yet more than his body, he was carried back to his dungeon. Diſgrace and ruin overwhelmed him; his fortune and effects were ſold for leſs than a tenth of their value, as is always the caſe where law preſſes with its iron hand; his character was blaſted, his health was ruined. Not naturally robuſt,

buſt, and always accuſtomed, not only to the comforts, but the elegancies of life, a long confinement in a noiſome and unwholeſome dungeon had reduced him to the loweſt ſtate of weakneſs. In ſuch a ſituation he was dragged forth to torture, and then plunged again into the damp and dark cavern from whence he came—without food, medicine, or aſſiſtance of any kind; though it is uſual for thoſe who ſuffer the torture to have medicinal help and refreſhment after it. This exceſs of ſeverity could be imputed only to the malignant influence of the officer of juſtice, in whoſe power he now was.

From the ſame influence it happened, that though the Sieur Anglade, amidſt the moſt dreadful pains, had ſteadily proteſted his innocence—and though the evidence againſt him was

extremely defective —— ſentence was given to this effect: — That Anglade ſhould be condemned to ſerve in the gallies for nine years; that his wife ſhould, for the like term, be baniſhed from Paris, and its juriſdiction; that they ſhould pay three thouſand livres reparation to the Count d'Montgomery as damages, and make reſtitution of twenty-five thouſand ſix hundred and ſeventy-three livres, and either return the pearl necklace or pay four thouſand livres more. From this ſum the five thouſand ſeven hundred and eighty livres, found in the ſacks in the ſervants room, were to be deducted, together with the ſeventy louis d'ors found in the box, of which the officer of juſtice had taken poſſeſſion, and alſo a double Spaniſh piſtole, and ſeventeen louis d'ors, found on the perſon of

Anglade,

Anglade, which was his own money.

Severe as this ſentence was, and founded on ſuch ſlight preſumption, it was put immediately into execution. Anglade, whoſe conſtitution was already ſinking under the heavy preſſure of his misfortunes, whoſe limbs were contracted by the dampneſs of his priſon, and who had undergone the moſt excruciating tortures, was ſent to the tower of Montgomery, there to remain, without aſſiſtance or conſolation, till the convicts condemned to the gallies were ready to go. He was then chained with them; a ſituation how dreadful! for a gentleman, whoſe ſenſibility of mind was extreme, and who had never ſuffered the leaſt hardſhip or difficulty till then; when he was plunged at once into the loweſt abyſs of miſery, chained among felons, and condemned

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to the moſt hopeleſs confinement and the ſevereſt labour, without any ſupport, but what he could procure from the pity of thoſe who ſaw him; for of his own he had now nothing! Yet, dreadful as theſe evils were, he ſupported them with that patient firmneſs which nothing but conſcious innocence could have produced. Reduced to the extreme of human wretchedneſs, he felt not for himſelf; but when he reflected on the ſituation of his wife, and his infant daughter, his fortitude forſook him. A fever had, from his firſt confinement, preyed on his frame; its progreſs grew more rapid, and he felt his death inevitable; when the galley-ſlaves being collected to depart, he beſought leave to ſee his wife, and to give his laſt bleſſing to his child — but it was denied him! —

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He ſubmitted, and prepared to go; but being too weak to ſtand, he was put into a waggon, whence he was lifted of a night, when they ſtopped, and laid on ſtraw, in a barn or out-houſe, and the next morning carried again between two men to the waggon to continue his journey. In this manner, and believing every hour would be his laſt, the unhappy man arrived at Marſeilles. It was aſſerted, but for the honour of human nature ſhould not be believed, that the Count de Montgomery preſſed his departure, notwithſtanding the deplorable condition he was in, and even waited on the road to ſee him paſs, and enjoy the horrid ſpectacle of his ſufferings.—The unhappy wife of this injured man had not been treated with more humanity. She had been dragged to priſon,

ſeparate

ſeparate from that of her huſband, and confined in a dungeon. She was with child, and the terror ſhe had undergone occaſioned her to miſcarry. Long fainting fits ſucceeded; and ſhe had no help but that of her little girl, who, young as ſhe was, endeavoured to recall her dying mother by bathing her temples; and by making her ſmell to bread dipt in wine. But as ſhe believed every fainting fit would be her laſt, ſhe implored the jailor to allow her a confeſſor: after much delay he ſent one; and by his means the poor woman received ſuccour and ſuſtenance: but while ſhe ſlowly gathered ſtrength her little girl grew ill. The noiſome damps, the want of proper food, and of freſh air, overcame the tender frame of the poor child; and then it was that the diſtraction and

deſpair

deſpair of the mother was at its height. In the middle of a rigorous winter, they were in a cavern, where no air could enter, and where the damps only lined the wall; a little charcoal, in an earthen pot, was all the fire they had; and the ſmoke was ſo offenſive and dangerous, that it encreaſed rather than diminiſhed their ſufferings. In this diſmal place the mother ſaw her child ſinking under a diſeaſe, for which ſhe had no remedies. Cold ſweats accompanied it, and ſhe had neither clean linen for her, or fire to warm her; and, as even their food depended on charity, and they were not allowed to ſee any body, they had no relief but what the prieſt from time to time procured them. At length, and as a great favour, they were removed to a place leſs damp, to which there was a little window;

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but the window was ſtopped, and the fumes of the charcoal were as noxious here as in the cavern they had left. Here they remained, however (Providence having prolonged their lives) for four or five months.—Monſieur d'Anglade, not being in a condition to be chained to the oar, was ſent to the hoſpital of the convicts at Marſeilles; his diſeaſe ſtill preyed on the poor remains of a ruined conſtitution, but his ſufferings were lengthened out beyond what his weakneſs ſeemed to promiſe. It was near four months after his arrival at Marſeilles that, being totally exhauſted, he felt his laſt moments approach, and deſired to receive the ſacraments: before they were adminiſtered to him, he ſolemnly declared, as he hoped to be received into the preſence of the ſearcher of hearts, that he

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was innocent of the crime laid to his charge; that he forgave his inexorable proſecutor and his partial judge, and felt no other regret in quitting the world, than that of leaving his wife and his child expoſed to the miſeries of poverty, and the diſgrace of his imputed crime: but he truſted his vindication to God, who had, he ſaid, lent him fortitude to endure the ſufferings he had not deſerved: and then, after having received the Euchariſt with piety and compoſure, he expired; a martyr to unjuſt ſuſpicion, and haſty or malicious judgment.

He had been dead only a few weeks, when ſeveral perſons, who had known him, received anonymous letters: the letters ſignified, that the perſon who wrote them, was on the point of hiding himſelf in a convent for the reſt of his life;

life; but before he did ſo, his conſcience obliged him to inform whom it might concern, that the Sieur Anglade was innocent of the robbery committed in the apartments of the Count de Montgomery; that the perpetrators were one Vincent Beleſtre, the ſon of a tanner of Mans; and a prieſt named Gagnard, a native alſo of Mans, who had been the Count's almoner. The letters added, that a woman of the name of De la Comble could give light into the whole affair. One of theſe letters was ſent to the Counteſs de Montgomery, who however had not generoſity enough to ſhew it; but the Sieur Loyſillon, and ſome others who had received at the ſame time the ſame kind of letters, determined to enquire into the affair: while the friends of the Count de Montgomery, who began to apprehend

apprehend that he would be diſagreeably ſituated, if his proſecution of d'Anglade ſhould be found unjuſt, pretended to diſcover that theſe letters were dictated by Madame d'Anglade; who hoped by this artifice to deliver her huſband's memory from the odium which reſted on it, and herſelf and her child from the dungeon in which they were ſtill confined.—An enquiry was ſet on foot after Beleſtre and Gagnard, who had ſome time before quitted the Count's ſervice. It was found that Beleſtre was a conſummate villain, who had in the early part of his life been engaged in an aſſaſſination, for which he was obliged to fly from his native place; that he had been a ſoldier, had killed his ſerjeant in a quarrel, and deſerted; then returning to his own country, had been a wandering

vagabond, going by different names, and practiſing every ſpecies of roguery; that he had ſometimes been a beggar, and ſometimes a bully, about the ſtreets of Paris, but always much acquainted and connected with Gagnard, his countryman: and that ſuddenly, from the loweſt indigence, he had appeared to be in affluence; had bought himſelf rich cloaths, had ſhewn various ſums of money, and had purchaſed an eſtate near Mans, for which he had paid between nine and ten thouſand livres.

Gagnard, who was the ſon of the gaoler of Mans, had come to Paris without either cloaths or money, and had ſubſiſted on charity, or by ſaying maſſes at St. Eſprit, by which he hardly gained enough to keep him alive; when the Count de Montgomery took him. It was impoſſible what he got in his ſervice,

ſervice, as wages, could enrich him: yet, immediately after quitting it, he was ſeen cloathed neatly in his clerical habit; his expences for his entertainments were exceſſive; he had plenty of money in his pocket; and had taken a woman out of the ſtreet, whom he had eſtabliſhed in handſome lodgings, and cloathed with the greateſt profuſion of finery.——Theſe obſervations alone, had they been made in time, were ſufficient to have opened the way to a diſcovery, which might have ſaved the life, and redeemed the honour of the unfortunate d'Anglade. Late as it was, juſtice was now ready to overtake them, and the hand of Providence itſelf ſeemed to aſſiſt. Gagnard being in a tavern, in the ſtreet St. André des Arcs, was preſent at a quarrel wherein a man was killed; he was ſent to pri-

ſon, with the reſt of the people in the houſe; and about the ſame time, a man who had been robbed and cheated by Beleſtre, near three years before, met him, watched him to his lodgings, and put him into the hands of the Marechauſſeé. Theſe two wretches being thus in the hands of juſtice, for other crimes, underwent an examination relative to the robbery of the Count de Montgomery: they betrayed themſelves by inconſiſtent anſwers. Their accomplices were apprehended; and the whole affair now appeared ſo clear, that it was only aſtoniſhing how the criminals could ever have been miſtaken.—The guardians of Conſtantia Guillemot, the daughter of d'Anglade, now deſired to be admitted parties in the ſuit, on behalf of their ward; that the guilt of Beleſtre and Gagnard might

might be proved, and the memory of Monſieur d'Anglade, and the character of his widow, juſtified; as well as that ſhe might, by fixing the guilt on thoſe who were really culpable, obtain reſtitution of her father's effects, and amends from the Count de Montgomery. She became, through her guardian, proſecutrix of the two villains; the principal witneſs againſt whom was a man called the Abbé de Fontpierre, who had belonged to the aſſociation of thieves of which Beleſtre was a member. This man ſaid, that he had written the anonymous letters which led to the diſcovery; for that, after the death of d'Anglade, his conſcience reproached him with being privy to ſo enormous a crime. He ſwore that Beleſtre had obtained from Gagnard the impreſſions of the Count's keys in

wax, by which means he had others made that opened the locks. He ſaid, that ſoon after the condemnation of d'Anglade to the gallies, he was in a room adjoining to one where Beleſtre and Gagnard were drinking and feaſting; that he heard the former ſay to the latter, "Come, my friend, let us drink and enjoy ourſelves, while this fine fellow, this Marquis d'Anglade, is at the gallies." To which Gagnard replied, with a ſigh, "Poor man, I cannot help being ſorry for him; he was a good kind of man, and was always very civil and obliging to me." Beleſtre then exclaimed with a laugh, "Sorry! what ſorry for a man who has ſecured us from ſuſpicion, and made our fortune!" Much other diſcourſe of the ſame kind he repeated.—And de la Comble depoſed, that Beleſtre had

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ſhewn her great ſums of money, and a beautiful pearl necklace; and when ſhe aſked him where he got all this? he anſwered, that he had won it at play.—Theſe, and many other circumſtances related by this woman, confirmed his guilt beyond a doubt. In his pocket were found a Gazette of Holland, in which he had (it was ſuppoſed) cauſed it to be inſerted, that the men who had been guilty of the robbery, for which the Sieur d'Anglade had been condemned, were executed for ſome other crime at Orleans—hoping by this means to ſtop any farther enquiry. A letter was alſo found on him from Gagnard, which adviſed him of the rumours which were ſpread from the anonymous letters; and deſiring him to find ſome means to quiet or get rid of the Abbé Fontpierre.

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The proof of the criminality of theſe two men being fully eſtabliſhed, they were condemned to death; and, being previouſly made to undergo the queſtion ordinary and extraordinary, they confeſſed, Gagnard upon the rack, and Beleſtre at the place of execution, that they had committed the robbery. Gagnard declared, that if the Lieutenant of the Police had preſſed him with queſtions the day that d'Anglade and his wife were taken up, he was in ſuch confuſion, he ſhould have confeſſed all.

Theſe infamous men having ſuffered the puniſhment of their crime, Conſtantia Guillemot d'Anglade continued to proſecute the ſuit againſt the Count de Montgomery, for the unjuſt accuſation he had made; who endeavoured, by the chicane which his fortune gave him

him the power to command, to evade the reſtitution: at length, after a very long proceſs, the court decided—that the Count de Montgomery ſhould reſtore to the widow and daughter of d'Anglade, the ſum which their effects, and all the property that was ſeized, had produced—that he ſhould farther pay them a certain ſum, as amends for the damages and injuries they had ſuſtained—and that their condemnation ſhould be eraſed, and their honours reſtored;—which, though it was all the reparation that could now be made them, could not bind up the incurable wounds they had ſuffered in this unjuſt and cruel proſecution.

Mademoiſelle d'Anglade, whoſe deſtiny excited univerſal commiſeration, was taken into the protection of ſome generous

generous perſons about the court, who raiſed for her a ſubſcription, which at length amounted to an hundred thouſand livres; which, together with the reſtitution of her father's effects, made a handſome proviſion for her; and ſhe was married to Monſieur des Eſſarts, a Counſellor of Parliament.

From Guyot de Pitaval.

THE

THE PRETENDED

MARTIN GUERRE.

NOTHING is more aſtoniſhing than the infinite variety of the human face, in which there is ſuch a prodigious difference of complexion and feature; and where a difference of expreſſion is almoſt always obſerved, even in thoſe whoſe features and complexion are very much alike. Lopez de Vega ſomewhere ſays, that nature, ſometimes weary of varying her works, copies herſelf, and produces two perſons perfectly reſembling each other. Such muſt

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muſt have been the ſimilitude between the two men who are the ſubjects of the following detail. Hiſtory mentions ſeveral celebrated impoſtors, who, taking advantage of a likeneſs to ſome other perſon, have uſurped their ſtations or their fortunes: but there is perhaps no inſtance of an impoſture ſo long and ſo ſucceſsfully carried on, as that which is here related.

Martin Guerre was born in Biſcaye, of parents who were ſomewhat above the rank of peaſants, and who appear to have ſupported themſelves by the cultivation of their own land. It is probable, that in that part of Europe very early marriages are uſual among all ranks of people; ſince this man, then only eleven years old, was (in 1539) married to Bertrande de Rols, nearly of the ſame age as himſelf. For

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nine or ten years they were without children; at length, about the end of that period, they had a ſon born, who was called Sanſei; and ſoon after, Martin Guerre having given ſome offence to his father, abſented himſelf from home to avoid his diſpleaſure. And whether he found unexpected pleaſure in the variety afforded by the wandering life he embraced, or whether he had conceived any diſguſt at ſome part of his wife's conduct, or was ſatiated with her ſociety; from whatever cauſe it was, he continued to travel from place to place, and for ſome years his family knew not what was become of him.

Though is has often happened that a wife (eſpecially if young and handſome, as was Bertrande de Rols at that time) has thought that ſuch neglect

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and deſertion on the part of her huſband, has juſtified her forming other attachments; it does not appear that any charge of that nature was made againſt Bertrande de Rols: nor, for ſome years after her huſband left her, did the ſmalleſt ſuſpicion of infidelity, or even indiſcretion, ariſe againſt her. At length a man appeared perſonating her abſent huſband, and in face and figure ſo nearly reſembling him, that the four ſiſters of Martin Guerre immediately acknowledged him to be their brother; Pierre Guerre, the uncle of Martin, as his nephew; and, in general, the relations on both ſides believed that it was himſelf. Beſides the very ſtrong reſemblance, he made himſelf known to Bertrande de Rols by the relation of particulars known only to her and Martin Guerre her huſband; and

and even enquired for certain articles of cloaths, which he ſaid he had on his departure depoſited in places where they were found: circumſtances that probably diſſipated any doubt which might have ariſen in the mind of Bertrande de Rols. Be that however as it might, ſhe received him as her huſband, and as ſuch he continued to live with her near three years, during which time ſhe had two children by him, one of which died ſoon after its birth. He alſo in this period ſold, as Martin Guerre, ſeveral parcels of land belonging to him. No mention being made of the parents of Martin Guerre, after he left his home, it is probable they died while he was abſent. Though the impoſtor had thoroughly ſtudied his part, it ſeems almoſt incredible that

Bertrande

Bertrande de Rols ſhould have been deceived.

Thoſe who thought ill of her, affirmed, that ſhe was too much attached to the impoſtor to wiſh the deception detected; and that ſhe willingly ſhut her eyes againſt conviction. But as ſhe ſeems to have been of a timid temper, and perhaps of a weak underſtanding, it is not impoſſible that ſhe might at firſt have been impoſed upon by the ſtrong reſemblance the impoſtor bore to her huſband, and by the knowledge he had of the moſt ſecret tranſactions of the life of Martin Guerre, and that afterwards, when doubts aroſe in her mind, ſhe might fear to enquire into the truth, till forced to do ſo by the relations of her real huſband. Theſe relations, particularly his uncle Pierre Guerre, pretended, after above two years,

years, to diſcover, that the man who had been received by them as Martin Guerre, was an impoſtor, and they inſiſted on Bertrande de Rols joining in a proſecution of him with whom ſhe now lived as her huſband. That timidity of ſpirit, which had probably prevented her own ſuſpicions of his identity from appearing, made her now give way, with equal facility, to the impetuous reſentment of the family. She therefore agreed to appoint Pierre Guerre to act in her behalf, and to lay before the ſeat of juſtice her complaint againſt the man who had uſurped the name, rights, and effects of Martin Guerre, her huſband.

This man, brought before the judges of Rieux, lamented the unequalled hardſhip of his deſtiny. He ſaid, that the ſuit commenced againſt him, by

which it was intended to rob him of his property and his life, was ſet on foot at the inſtigation and by the intrigues of Pierre Guerre his uncle, and two of his ſons-in-law, who, in hopes of continuing to manage his patrimony, which amounted to ſeven or eight thouſand livres, had prevailed on his wife to engage in the wicked ſcheme of making him believed to be an impoſtor. He then entered into a detail of what had happened to him ſince he abſented himſelf. He ſaid he had carried arms ſome years for the king of France, his ſovereign; after which he went into the Spaniſh army; till, eagerly wiſhing to ſee his wife, his child, and his friends, he had determined to come home; where, on his arrival, he was immediately acknowledged by the very man, Pierre Guerre, who was now

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ſo forward in proſecuting him, though he muſt neceſſarily have been much altered ſince he went away, an almoſt beardleſs youth; having been expoſed to much hardſhip and change of climate, which, together with the effect of time, muſt have made a conſiderable difference in his face and perſon. He alledged that Pierre Guerre had for ſome time purſued him with the cruelleſt animoſity, for no other reaſon but becauſe he had inſiſted on his (Pierre Guerre) delivering a fair account of the adminiſtration of his farm and effects during his abſence, which he was either unable or unwilling to do. That, as a proof of his malignity, he could bring witneſſes, who ſaw him (Pierre Guerre) not long before, ſtrike his nephew, Martin Guerre, to the ground with an iron bar; with which

he would have repeated his blow, and probably have killed him, if his wife, by throwing herſelf between them, had not ſhielded him from his fury. — He demanded to be confronted with his wife, who would, he ſaid, be found incapable of ſtifling the truth, in the abſence of thoſe who had influenced her weak mind to join in the proſecution. He deſired that his uncle Pierre Guerre, and his other accuſers, ſhould be prevented from having acceſs to her, that ſhe might not have her underſtanding perverted, by the arts of thoſe, who had ſo evident an intereſt in his deſtruction.

He then underwent an examination, in which, to all the queſtions put to him, on the life and connections of Martin Guerre, he anſwered moſt exactly. The time and place of his birth; the moſt

moſt particular events, relative to his father, mother, brothers, ſiſters, and all others of his family; the year and day on which he was married to Bertrande de Rols, whoſe relations he deſcribed with equal preciſion. He named the perſons who were preſent at his marriage, and the cloaths they wore, the prieſt who married them, and an infinite number of trifling circumſtances, all of which were found to be true. He ſpoke alſo of the birth and baptiſm of Sanxi Guerre, the ſon of Martin Guerre; why he quitted his habitation, who he met on the way, and the diſcourſe he held with ſeveral perſons whom he named. He gave an account of the cities through which he had paſſed, in France and Spain, and the perſons with whom he had reſided and converſed in both kingdoms. And,

to remove every doubt of his veracity, he named perſons, to whom reference might be had, who would confirm all he had aſſerted; and, when theſe people were applied to, they actually did confirm all he had advanced.

Bertrande de Rols was next examined. Her anſwers agreed perfectly with thoſe of her ſuppoſed huſband, in all the circumſtances wherein they were mutually concerned; and of an hundred and fifty witneſſes, who were afterwards queſtioned, near forty ſwore, that the man now impriſoned on ſuppoſition of having uſurped the name and ſtation of Martin Guerre, was actually Martin Guerre himſelf, and that they knew him to be the ſame with whom they had been acquainted from their infancy, not only by the general ſimilitude of his perſon now,

to what it was then, but alſo by certain ſcars and marks which he had acquired when a child, and which time had not effaced.

Other witneſſes being called, on behalf of the proſecutors, ſwore as poſitively, that the man whom they now ſaw, and who had ſo long paſſed for Martin Guerre, was one Arnaud du Tilk, commonly called Panſette, native of Sagias, whom they had known from his cradle.

Sixty other witneſſes, on being ſhewn the priſoner, declared that they dared not decide, whether he was Martin Guerre or no, ſo very ſtrong was the reſemblance.

The accuſed obtained an order from the court, that Bertrande de Rols ſhould be kept apart from Pierre Guerre and his aſſociates. But at the

ſame time the judges named a commiſſion to go to Artiques, the place of Martin Guerre's reſidence, and to Sagias, the place from whence Arnaud du Tilk was ſaid to come; that all particulars might be collected relative to them both, which might throw light on ſo myſterious an affair.

They directed alſo, that the accuſed ſhould be compared with Sanxi Guerre, the ſon; and with the four ſiſters of Martin Guerre. The reſult was, that Sanxi did not at all reſemble him; but the likeneſs between him and the four women was ſtriking and indiſputable. This appeared a ſtrong circumſtance in his favour;—a child as often reſembles his mother as his father; and at that early period of life, the features are ſometimes ſo little formed, as to give no decided likeneſs to any part of a family:

a family: whereas the reſemblance between the priſoner and the four ſiſters of Martin Guerre, who were women nearly of the ſame age, and ſuppoſed to be born of the ſame parents, ſeemed a convincing proof of his identity.

But after examining many other witneſſes, and inveſtigating numberleſs proofs, the judges decided, that the priſoner was not Martin Guerre, but Arnaud de Tilk of Sagias; and he was accordingly condemned.

He appealed againſt this ſentence to the parliament of Toulouſe; and that court thought it neceſſary more fully to inveſtigate an affair ſo full of difficulty and obſcurity. The party calling himſelf Martin Guerre was ſummoned to appear, with Bertrande de Rols, and his other accuſers. The man maintained ſo ſteady a countenance,

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nance, and anſwered in a manner ſo unembarraſſed and ingenuous, that the judges began to believe he was the real Martin Guerre; and the more ſo, as they ſaw in the deportment of Pierre Guerre the uncle, and Bertrande de Rols, a confuſion and heſitation, which they imputed to the conſciouſneſs of their guilt.

Directions were given for a new commiſſion, to renew all the enquiries, and to hear the witneſſes again.

But this renewed inveſtigation, inſtead of unveiling the myſtery, ſerved only to wrap it in ten-fold obſcurity. Of thirty witneſſes who were now heard for the ſecond time, nine or ten declared that the priſoner was Martin Guerre, whom they had long known; eight as poſitively declared he was Arnaud du Tilk; and the reſt, after

having long deliberated, proteſted, that they could not charge their conſciences with an oath, in a matter wherein, from the extreme reſemblance between Martin Guerre and Arnaud du Tilk, they were unable to pronounce poſitively to their own ſatisfaction.

On collecting the whole evidence brought by the accuſers, againſt the priſoner, it appeared, that, in the whole, the depoſition of forty-five witneſſes went to prove that he was Arnaud du Tilk; and among them ſome had deſervedly great weight. The firſt was Carbon Barreau, uncle by the mother's ſide to Arnaud du Tilk, who acknowledged him to be his nephew, and ſeeing him a priſoner, wept bitterly, and deplored the unhappy deſtiny of a perſon ſo nearly allied to him.—The ſhoemaker who made ſhoes for Martin

tin Guerre, ſwore that the meaſure of his foot was of twelve inches, and that of the priſoner was only nine.—Another perſon depoſed that Martin Guerre underſtood the ſcience of defence, of which the priſoner was ignorant.—Almoſt all the witneſſes who affirmed that the priſoner was an impoſtor, agreed in deſcribing the true Martin Guerre to be taller, and of a darker complexion; his body and legs thinner; that he ſtooped, carried his head low, and had a round back; that his noſe was large and ſomewhat flat, his chin ſharp and turned up in the middle, and that his under lip hung down. Arnaud du Tilk, which they ſaid was the true name of the man before them, was ſhorter and ſtouter; not ſo flat-noſed, or round-backed: but they owned, that the ſcars and marks

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he had upon him, were exactly the ſame as thoſe they remembered on Martin Guerre.—Jean Eſpagnol, who kept a public-houſe at ———, depoſed poſitively, that the priſoner diſcovered himſelf to him, and deſired he would not mention the ſecret he truſted him with, which was, that Martin Guerre had given him all his property.—Valentine —— depoſed, that he met Arnaud du Tilk, the priſoner, who finding himſelf known, deſired the deponent not to betray him; and gave him, at the ſame time, two handkerchiefs to be delivered to his brother John du Tilk.—Two other witneſſes ſaid, that a ſoldier of Rochefort paſſing through Artiques, was ſurprized to find the priſoner then living there as Martin Guerre, and loudly aſſerted, that he knew Martin Guerre well,

well, who was actually in Flanders, where he had been obliged to replace with a wooden leg, the leg he had loſt at the battle of St. Laurent, before St. Quintin. It was alſo remarked, that Martin Guerre, being a native of Biſcaye, ſpoke the Baſque, which differs very materially from the French and Gaſcon languages; whereas the priſoner knew only a few words of it, which he often unneceſſarily introduced into his diſcourſe to conceal his general ignorance of what he would be thought to underſtand.—Several witneſſes depoſed, that Arnaud du Tilk had, from his earlieſt years, been abandoned to every kind of vice; that he was an atheiſt, a blaſphemer, and guilty of fraud and theft; whence it followed, that he was capable of committing the crime he was now charged with.

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The ſtrength, however, of this body of evidence ſeemed very much diminiſhed by what followed, in favour of his being the perſon whoſe name he aſſumed.

Upwards of thirty perſons, who had known Martin Guerre from his infancy, declared that the priſoner was the man. Among theſe witneſſes, thoſe whoſe depoſitions ſeemed the moſt convincing, were the four ſiſters of Martin Guerre; and the huſbands of the two who were married corroborated their evidence. Other perſons, who had been preſent at the marriage ceremony between Martin Guerre and Bertrande de Rols, depoſed, that this was the ſame perſon who was then married. As proofs of his identity, they ſwore to ſeveral marks about his perſon, which on examination were all found

found on the perſon of the priſoner.

It ſeemed to be generally acknowledged, that when the priſoner arrived at Artiques, he ſpoke to every one he met, who knew Martin Guerre, calling them by their names. That ſome of theſe, not immediately recollecting him, he told them he was their old acquaintance Martin Guerre, and reminded them of converſations and events that had formerly happened, and of places where they had been, and parties made in his company, twelve, fourteen, or twenty years back. And to Bertrande de Rols he mentioned ſeveral circumſtances, which could be known only to her and Martin Guerre her huſband.

Other depoſit[illegible] went to prove, that Pierre Guerre, the uncle, had declared his reſolution to ruin the priſoner

ſoner at all events; and had endeavoured to make his whole family enter into a combination to gratify his revenge. To procure money to carry on the ſuit, he had applied to one Jean Loze of Palhos, who had refuſed to advance it, ſaying, he would not contribute to the ruin of his relation. They added, that it was generally believed at Artiques, that Bertrande de Rols was terrified into joining in this proſecution, by the threats of Pierre Guerre, and of her mother, who was now the wife of Pierre Guerre; and that ſhe did not willingly carry it on; believing that the priſoner was really her huſband. The depoſitions of the four ſiſters of Martin Guerre, and their great reſemblance to the priſoner, was a ſtrong circumſtance in his favour. Thoſe who ſaw them together affirmed, that a more ſtriking likeneſs was impoſſible; they

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had the ſame features, complexion, and caſt of countenance.

When, in the courſe of the examinations, the priſoner was confronted with Bertrande de Rols, he conjured her, by all that was ſacred, to acknowledge the truth; he told her that his fate depended upon her, and that he was content it ſhould do ſo; ſince if ſhe with a ſafe conſcience could ſwear, that he was not Martin Guerre her huſband, he would conſent to undergo the moſt cruel puniſhment. To this ſhe anſwered, that ſhe neither would ſwear or believe that he was not Martin Guerre. It was acknowledged, that before ſhe was induced, by the threats of Pierre Guerre, and her mother, to inſtitute a ſuit againſt the priſoner, ſhe had lived with him above three years without ever appearing to doubt of his being really Martin Guerre, her

huſband;

huſband; and, when doubts aroſe with others, ſhe expreſſed herſelf with great aſperity againſt thoſe who mentioned thoſe doubts before her, ſaying, that ſurely ſhe muſt know her huſband, better than any one elſe could; and that ſhe would puniſh thoſe who dared to propagate ſo ſcandalous a falſehood.

It alſo appeared, that ſhe had often complained of the tyranny of Pierre Guerre and her mother, who had, ſhe ſaid, forced her, againſt her inclinations, to enter into the proceſs againſt the priſoner, and had threatened, if ſhe did not, to turn her out of the houſe ſhe lived in, and otherwiſe to perſecute her. It was proved, that at the inſtigation of Pierre Guerre, one Jean d'Eſcornebeuf had before accuſed the priſoner of a crime, for which he had been impriſoned; and, while he was ſo, that Pierre

Guerre and his wife (the mother of Bertrande de Rols) inceſſantly beſieged her to conſent to proſecute him for pretending to be Martin Guerre, which ſhe then refuſed; and when, after ſome time, he was releaſed from priſon, on the charge, which Jean d'Eſcornebeuf had brought againſt him, being found falſe, Bertrande de Rols received him with every demonſtration of affection; notwithſtanding which, immediately afterwards, Pierre Guerre obliged her to become a party in the ſuit againſt him.

Thus ſtood the evidence on both ſides of this remarkable queſtion, and it ſeems that the judges were on the point of deciding in favour of the priſoner; when the real Martin Guerre ſuddenly appeared. He came from Spain, and had a wooden leg, as the ſoldier had aſſerted. Immediately on his arrival, he preſented a memorial

morial to the court, deſiring leave to plead his cauſe, and to bring proofs of his identity.

An order was accordingly made for his examination, and that he ſhould be confronted with Bertrande de Rols, and with the four ſiſters, whoſe evidence had been the ſtrongeſt in favour of the priſoner. He was then examined, in the ſame manner as the priſoner had been before, and on the ſame particulars; and his anſwers were not found ſo clear and exact as thoſe of his repreſentative.

They were then confronted.—The man accuſed of being an impoſtor treated Martin Guerre as a rogue and a cheat, dreſſed up by the artifices of Pierre Guerre, the uncle; and declared that he would conſent to be hanged, if he did not prove, to the ſa-

tisfaction of the court, that the man, who now pretended to be Martin Guerre, was a mere machine, taught to act his part by his enemies. He then queſtioned his adverſary on ſeveral circumſtances, which, if he was Martin Guerre, he ought to have known. His anſwers were confuſed and unſatisfactory.

The commiſſioners then taking the laſt man apart, interrogated him on ſeveral new points, to which neither of them had before anſwered; his anſwers were found to correſpond with the truth. Then taking apart the firſt pretender, they put the ſame queſtions to him; and, to ten or twelve of thoſe queſtions, he anſwered as exactly as his opponent.

The four ſiſters, and the huſbands of the two who were married, were then ordered

ordered to appear, together with Pierre Guerre, the brothers of Arnaud du Tilk, and as many as could be found of the former witneſſes.

They appeared accordingly, except the brothers of Arnaud du Tilk, who eſcaped, that they might not be obliged to give their teſtimony againſt him.

The elder ſiſter of Martin Guerre was firſt brought before the commiſſioners, and ſhewn the two perſons, who both aſſerted that they were her brother. After a moment's conſideration, ſhe burſt into tears, and embraced the real Martin Guerre; and, addreſſing herſelf to the commiſſioners, ſaid, "This is indeed my brother; "I acknowledge that that wicked "impoſtor has deceived me."—Martin Guerre embraced her, and wept alſo. The three other ſiſters, in their

turns, acknowledged him with tears, and beſought his forgiveneſs of their error.

The huſbands of the married ſiſters did the ſame; and thoſe witneſſes, who had ſworn moſt poſitively that the firſt of theſe men was Martin Guerre, now, on ſeeing him with the real Martin Guerre, owned they had been in an error.

Bertrande de Rols, the wife, was then ordered to approach; who no ſooner beheld her huſband, than, wild with confuſion and terror, trembling, and in tears, ſhe ran to him, embraced him, and implored his pardon for the fault ſhe had committed, in receiving as her huſband an infamous impoſtor. She ſaid, that ſhe had been drawn into ſo great an error, by the prepoſſeſſion of her ſiſters-in-law; and that the great deſire ſhe had to find her huſband,

had

had aſſiſted to deceive her; while the knowledge the impoſtor poſſeſſed, of the moſt ſecret tranſactions of her life (circumſtances which ſhe thought could be known only to herſelf and Martin Guerre) had for ſome time compleated the deception; but that, when at length ſuſpicions aroſe in her mind, ſhe made every effort to aſſure herſelf of the truth; and, as ſoon as ſhe was fully aware of the deceit, had appealed to juſtice, to deliver her from the impoſtor, who had ſo cruelly betrayed her into a crime ſhe muſt for ever lament—a crime, which had inſpired her with ſo much horror, that ſhe had inceſſantly wiſhed for death to put an end to her torments; and that religion only had with-held her from finiſhing with her own hands, a life that was become inſupportable.

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Bertrande de Rols, the wife, was then ordered to approach; who no ſooner beheld her huſband, than, wild with confuſion and terror, trembling, and in tears, ſhe ran to him, embraced him, and implored his pardon for the fault ſhe had committed, in receiving as her huſband an infamous impoſtor. She ſaid, that ſhe had been drawn into ſo great an error, by the prepoſſeſſion of her ſiſters-in-law; and that the great deſire ſhe had to find her huſband,

had

had aſſiſted to deceive her; while the knowledge the impoſtor poſſeſſed, of the moſt ſecret tranſactions of her life (circumſtances which ſhe thought could be known only to herſelf and Martin Guerre) had for ſome time compleated the deception; but that, when at length ſuſpicions aroſe in her mind, ſhe made every effort to aſſure herſelf of the truth; and, as ſoon as ſhe was fully aware of the deceit, had appealed to juſtice, to deliver her from the impoſtor, who had ſo cruelly betrayed her into a crime ſhe muſt for ever lament—a crime, which had inſpired her with ſo much horror, that ſhe had inceſſantly wiſhed for death to put an end to her torments; and that religion only had with-held her from finiſhing with her own hands, a life that was become inſupportable.

Her

Her beauty (for ſhe is deſcribed as being very handſome) and her tears affected every body, except her huſband; who, though he appeared ſo moved with the tenderneſs and affection of his ſiſters, was inſenſible of the penitence and humility of his wife, whom he repulſed with rage and indignation, puſhed her rudely from him, and bid her not play the hypocrite. He added, that ſhe could not have been ſo long deceived, but pretended to be ſo, becauſe ſhe preferred the deceiver to her duty and honour; and fiercely told her, that all his misfortunes were owing to her, who could never have miſtaken Arnaud du Tilk, for an huſband with whom ſhe had lived ſo many years; and that though the likeneſs might have impoſed on others, nothing but her attachment to

the

the traitor, could have reconciled her to the treaſon. The court interfered, to perſuade Martin Guerre to pardon his wife; but it was a length of time only that abated his ſeverity towards her.

The impoſture being now clearly proved, ſentence was given againſt Arnaud du Tilk; that he ſhould be hanged, and his body reduced to aſhes. The daughter, however, that he had by Bertrande de Rols, was not to be declared illegitimate, but was, on account of the good faith of the mother, who was ignorant of the impoſture, to poſſeſs whatever had really belonged to Arnaud du Tilk.

The court deliberated, whether Martin Guerre and Bertrande de Rols were not liable to ſome puniſhment; the latter for adultery, and the former, for having, by his deſertion and neglect

lect of his wife, occaſioned it, and for having ſerved in the Spaniſh army. But, as the crime committed by the woman was through ignorance, and as the man did not deſignedly betray her into it, they were not deemed objects of public juſtice. In regard to the charge againſt Martin Guerre, that he had ſerved againſt his king, it appeared that he had not voluntarily done ſo; but that, having been reduced to ſervitude, he had been hired by the Cardinal de ———, and afterwards by the Cardinal's brother, whom he had followed into Flanders, and had waited on him at the battle of St. Laurent, where, being obliged to fight by the ſide of his maſter, he had loſt a leg; a loſs that ſeemed a ſufficient puniſhment of his crime.

Arnaud du Tilk, being now under condemnation,

condemnation, made a full confeſſion of his crimes. He ſaid, that being a ſoldier, and returning from the camp in Picardy, he was met by ſome of Martin Guerre's intimate friends, by whom he was miſtaken for him, and who were not without difficulty undeceived; that he thence conceived the idea of taking advantage of the reſemblance; and that afterwards, making an acquaintance with Martin Guerre himſelf, he got from him thoſe particulars, that knowledge of the moſt ſecret tranſactions of his life, which had ſerved ſo effectually to impoſe on Bertrande de Rols, and on the family of Martin Guerre.

Being brought to the place of execution, before the houſe of the man he had injured, he there repeated his confeſſions, and died penitent; imploring

ploring the mercy of God, and aſking pardon of Martin Guerre, his wife, and all thoſe whom he had offended.

From Guyot de Pitaval.

THE

THE

MARRIED NUN.

THE Sieur d'Antail had by his firſt wife two daughters, Louiſa, and Henrietta. As he was poſſeſſed of an affluent fortune, and fond of his children, he ſpared no expence in their education. The youngeſt had nothing remarkable in her perſon; but Louiſa, the eldeſt, was extremely beautiful; and the charms of her figure were equalled by the elegant acquirements, which the care of her father, and an underſtanding naturally quick, had given her the means of obtaining. Beauty, which has too often been fa-

tal to its poſſeſſor, proved the ſource of the moſt deplorable misfortunes to Louiſa. She loſt her mother when ſhe was about thirteen or fourteen; and her father ſoon after married again. His wife, Madame de Valmorin, had a ſon about eighteen, of whom ſhe was extravagantly fond. The young man could not live under the ſame roof with Louiſa, without feeling the effect of her charms: he became madly in love with her; but the formidable rivals, who ſurrounded his miſtreſs, made him deſpair of availing himſelf of the opportunities which his near connexions gave him; he particularly apprehended the ſucceſs of the Sieur Pradelle, a lieutenant in the guards, who he fancied was more favoured by Louiſa than any of her lovers. The Sieur Pradelle ſaw, with equal uneaſi-

neſs,

neſs, the conſtant acceſs that young de Valmorin enjoyed, by living in the houſe of Monſieur d'Antail, and he dreaded that the facility of converſing, and even the authority of her father and her mother-in-law, might throw Louiſa into his arms. She did not expreſs any partiality to de Valmorin; but ſhe was not without coquetry, and could not reſiſt the pleaſure of hearing herſelf flattered by ſeveral admirers at the ſame time; yet Pradelle ſeemed to have the preference. Pradelle, however, thought he had ſo much to fear from the advantages of conſtant intercourſe which his rival poſſeſſed, that he determined to carry her off, before de Valmorin ſhould have made too deep an impreſſion on her heart. He took his meaſures accordingly; but not ſo ſecretly as to eſcape the obſer-

vation of de Valmorin, who found means to render his project abortive. Rage and reſentment took poſſeſſion of the heart of Pradelle, when he found that his rival had counteracted him: he affronted him publicly, and gave a challenge, which de Valmorin accepted.—The father of Louiſa, and his wife, the mother of de Valmorin, being informed of what had paſſed, and of the impending duel between the rivals, took the neceſſary precautions to prevent their encounter. But the mother continued under the crueleſt alarms for the ſafety of her ſon: ſhe foreſaw, that though ſhe had for that time ſaved him from the hazard into which he would have thrown himſelf, ſhe could not always ſecure him from the vengeance of a rival, who declared that nothing ſhould prevent his attacking

tacking any man, who pretended to Louiſa. She had already repreſented to her ſon, that even if his affairs permitted him to marry the object of his affection, he could not hope for happineſs with a woman, whoſe ſingular beauty would be a perpetual ſource of jealouſy and uneaſineſs, and whoſe gaiety of temper ſeemed too likely to encourage thoſe whom her charms might attract. De Valmorin, who was of a warm and determined temper, would hear nothing his mother could ſay to diſſuade him from his attachment to Louiſa. His paſſion grew daily more violent, and his mother more unhappy. At length ſhe reſolved, as the only way to ſecure her ſon from the pernicious effects of thoſe charms he every day ſaw with new admiration, to endeavour to get her

daughter-in-law ſent into a convent. But on the firſt mention of ſuch a project, ſhe found it received with ſo much reſentment by Louiſa, that ſhe ſaw all her influence with her huſband muſt be exerted to conquer the repugnance of his daughter: ſhe therefore repreſented to him, that the repoſe and honour of his family required the ſecluſion of Louiſa, whoſe beauty, though by no means in its meridian, had already occaſioned him ſo much trouble and uneaſineſs; uneaſineſs, from which he could never be exempt, even if his daughter was married, ſince there was but too much reaſon to believe, that jealouſy, on the part of the huſband of a perſon ſo uncommonly lovely, would make her life uneaſy to herſelf and fatal to others; and that if any ſiniſter event was the

conſequence,

conſequence, he could never forgive himſelf, for not having placed her, where the influence of her charms could no longer affect the tranquillity of his days, or the reputation of his family.—It is probable that Mademoiſelle Louiſa, whoſe temper ſeems to have been warm, and who was, perhaps, conſcious of the power of beauty, had given ſome offence to her mother-in-law, which, added to her fear for her ſon, determined her to carry her point, however cruel and unjuſt. Her huſband, whom ſhe entirely governed, had forgotten, in this ſecond marriage, the attachment he once had to the children of the firſt; and he had no longer any will but that of his wife; or any eyes to ſee, but as ſhe directed. She failed not to prejudice him ſo much againſt his eldeſt daughter, that

when he found her averſion to going into a convent could not be conquered by perſuaſion, he told her, in a manner that ſhewed how much he was in earneſt, that by a certain day ſhe muſt reſolve either to enter as a novice, with an intention to take the vows, or he would force her into the houſe of the Magdalenettes *, among the unhappy women who are deſtined to paſs their days in tears and penitence, for their paſt errors. This menace was terrible; and Louiſa ſaw but too evidently, that her fate was determined; and that ſhe muſt reſolve on taking the veil, if ſhe would eſcape a more deplorable deſtiny; ſhe therefore conſented to enter into the convent of St.

* This threat could only be executed in France, where fathers can diſpoſe of their children as they pleaſe.

Claire,

Claire, in the Fauxbourg Marceau. A woman, named Madame du Freſne, was employed to negociate this matter between her and her parents. Father Cauſſin, a prieſt, who was witneſs to the averſion Louiſa had to the lot ſhe was driven to accept, ſaid to this Madame du Freſne, "You will be the occaſion of eternal perdition to that poor girl, by forcing her to embrace the life of a nun, to which you ſee ſhe has a decided antipathy." To this remonſtrance du Freſne replied, "It is better that ſhe ſhould hazard perdition in a convent, than, by remaining in the world, become the cauſe of the perdition of many others, whom her beauty would involve in the moſt fatal crimes." It was evident that the unfortunate Louiſa was to be the victim of her ſtep-mother's apprehenſions,

and of her hatred, occaſioned by thoſe extraordinary perfections of form, which are too apt to excite envy and ill-humour in women, even after they have ceaſed to value themſelves on outward advantages. Not content with the ſucceſs of her project hitherto, Madame d'Antail did not even ſeek to ſoften the horrors of perpetual confinement, by allowing her daughter-in-law the alleviations of affluence: they would give her no more than ſix hundred livres on her entrance; the nuns refuſed to receive her unleſs ſhe had more. On this occaſion the unfortunate victim wrote thus to Madame du Freſne, who was again employed between her and her parents: "I know, Madam, that ſix hundred livres are enough for thoſe who can execute the duties of the life into which

which they enter; but as it is impoſſible for me ever to do ſo, and as the community are already ſenſible that I never can perform what is expected of the generality, and muſt have many exemptions, they refuſe to receive me, unleſs I bring a greater ſum: I beſeech you therefore, Madam, intercede with my father to have ſome conſideration for his child; and to pay for me what is required." After long ſolicitation this was granted: the father paid the ſum which the community inſiſted on; and Louiſa, who ſaw no remedy, took the veil, and after her noviciate was paſſed, as the diſpoſition of her perſecutors remained unchanged at the end of that time, ſhe took the vow, with a courage inſpired by her high ſpirit, but with an heart ſtill attached to a world, of which ſhe was deſigned to be

be one of the brighteſt ornaments. But whatever outward reſolution ſhe had ſhewn, and whatever pains were taken by the mother-in-law and her party to make this ſtep appear voluntary, Louiſa had found means to declare her averſion in a legal form. Before ſhe took the vows, ſhe had a proteſt drawn up againſt it, which ſhe delivered to Father Favier, a Cordelier, confeſſor and ſuperior of the community; and immediately after the ceremony ſhe repeated the proteſt in form a ſecond time, and gave it to the ſame perſon. For three or four years Louiſa dragged on a melancholy and reluctant life in the monaſtery, without attempting to free herſelf from the engagements into which ſhe had been forced. In the mean time her ſiſter Henrietta d'Antail was married to the Sieur Nicholas

cholas le Vacher; and in the marriage contract her father had named her his ſole heireſs. Avarice was the moſt predominant feature in the Sieur le Vacher's character; and he ſaw with jealouſy and miſtruſt the encreaſing power that his father-in-law ſuffered his wife to have over him. She had a ſon of her own, for whom le Vacher believed ſhe was robbing her huſband of his property, and ſending away and ſecreting his effects among her friends, to ſecure them for her own and her ſon's uſe, to the prejudice of his daughter Henrietta. On examining more narrowly into the truth of his conjectures, he diſcovered that three articles of plate, amounting together to the ſum of twenty-eight thouſand livres, had certainly diſappeared. He thought it therefore time to put an end to proceedings

ceedings ſo injurious to his intereſt; and for that purpoſe he preſented to the proper law-office a requiſition, in which he ſet forth, that his wife's father had loſt his ſight, and that his underſtanding was ſo much impaired, that he was no longer in a condition to manage his own affairs, which were conſequently in a ſituation that could end only in his total ruin, if the adminiſtration of them was not put into other hands. He obtained an order ſuch as he deſired; of which he had not been poſſeſſed long, before the Sieur d'Antail got it revoked. Le Vacher, who found his father-in-law irritated extremely at the meaſure he had taken, dared not oppoſe the revocation; but though the old man was again maſter of his own affairs, the attempt Le Vacher had made was not

to

to be forgiven: he ſolemnly proteſted that he never would pardon it: his wife fomented his rage, and diſcord and irreconcileable hatred were ſown between the families. While this ſcene was paſſing, Louiſa found the convent every day more and more dreadful: her temper became affected by the hopeleſſneſs of her ſituation; ſhe could not command herſelf enough to feel any relief in the ſociety of the nuns; and the duties of religion ſhe was unable to perform: the only conſolation ſhe found, was in the company of the Sieur Couſturier, a counſellor, who, viſiting a relation in the convent, had ſeen Louiſa, and, ſtruck with the wonderful beauty which the religious habit could not conceal, had cultivated an acquaintance with her. He frequently viſited her at the grate, where

ſhe

ſhe told him the cruel perſecutions ſhe had undergone from the hatred of her ſtep-mother; the reluctance with which ſhe continued in the monaſtery, and the precaution ſhe had taken to proteſt againſt the vows ſhe had been conſtrained to make. Couſturier conſoled her, by affording her hopes that the proteſt would give her the means of recovering her liberty: he adviſed her to continue to expreſs the ſame coldneſs for the duties of her profeſſion, and the ſame averſion to the company of the nuns; to commit no act that might ſerve as a ratification of her extorted engagement; and he told her, that, if ſhe waited patiently, under theſe precautions, he flattered himſelf the time might come when her chains would be broken.

Some months after the commence-

ment of her acquaintance with Couſturier, the hoſpital at Lagny was to be put under the government of the Cordeliers: Louiſa d'Antail obtained the appointment of ſuperior to this branch of the community, and removed thither with great ſatisfaction, not only becauſe her high ſpirit made the rigorous ſubordination to which ſhe was ſubject in the convent very diſagreeable to her, but becauſe ſhe could enjoy, together with more power, more liberty in her new abode. The nuns, in whom her diſinclination to the ſervice of the cloiſter, and the coldneſs of her manner towards them, had occaſioned a great diſlike, ſaw her departure with pleaſure. Before ſhe took poſſeſſion of her new eſtabliſhment, ſhe had the precaution to renew the proteſt againſt her original vows,

by

by an act, wherein she declared that she not only considered them as extorted and nugatory, but that she did not mean to confirm them by her present removal, or by any subsequent act, and that she always reserved a right to avail herself of her first protest whenever she should see occasion.

The new community at Lagny were desirous of being considered as subject only to the authority of the Cordeliers, who are the superior branch of the Claires; and to be wholly exempt from the jurisdiction of the archbishop of Paris: the prelate defended his right, and a law-suit was likely to be the consequence. The Sieur le Vacher, whose avarice made him attentive to the most minute circumstances, knew enough of his sister-in-law's disposition, to apprehend, that she would

avail

avail herſelf of the proteſt ſhe had made, to renounce her vows, if ever it ſhould be in her power. Her converſations with Couſturier gave him ſenſible uneaſineſs. A young man could hardly ſee her without being ſenſible of her attractions, and Couſturier was amiable, handſome, and poſſeſſed a fortune equal to what Louiſa might have a claim to, if ſhe was diſengaged from her cloiſter.—To add to his apprehenſions in regard to this acquaintance, he was aware that Couſturier had ſtudied, and was verſed in the laws which relate to monaſtic vows, and knew in what caſes they could be diſſolved. To compleat his uneaſineſs, he learned that Louiſa was to be removed to Lagny; where, being no longer under the direction of the Abbeſs, nor reſtrained by the obſervations

of the numerous members of the community, ſhe would no longer be obliged to give an account of her actions; but might entertain Couſturier as long and as often as ſhe pleaſed, in the parlour of the hoſpital, having no other interruption than the duties of her office.

Notwithſtanding this degree of liberty, Louiſa knew that great care was neceſſary, to prevent the imputation of an improper connection between her and Couſturier, on the leaſt ſurmiſe of which, ſhe foreſaw that ſhe ſhould no longer be ſuffered to ſee him at all, but ſhould be forced back to the monaſtery, and ſo cloſely confined, that ſhe ſhould have no chance of ever ſeeing thoſe who might contribute to the recovery of her liberty.

For this reaſon ſhe failed not to be cautious;

cautious; and, as Couſturier was now obliged to travel ſix leagues for the pleaſure of ſeeing her, their interviews were leſs frequent, and were managed with the utmoſt attention to propriety; but Le Vacher, whoſe intereſt it was to put an end to them entirely, employed emiſſaries to propagate reports injurious to the character of the order; and he ſo effectually diſſeminated his ſcandalous ſtories, that the principals of the order at length heard them; and in addition to theſe falſities, he alledged that the diſpute between the Archbiſhop and the Cordeliers, relative to the juriſdiction of the hoſpital of Lagny, originated in the pride and independant ſpirit of Mademoiſelle d'Antail; who thought that under the government of the Cordeliers, who are not very ſtrict, ſhe ſhould be more at liber-

ty to indulge her inclinations, than under that of the Archbiſhop. Having given theſe malicious ſtories time to make their way, and being ſure they had all the effect he expected, he ſolicited, and ſoon obtained, an order to remove Louiſa d'Antail from the ſuperiorſhip of Lagny, and to confine her, with great ſtrictneſs, in the convent where ſhe had taken the veil.—All this paſſed immediately after La Vacher had obtained an interdiction againſt his father-in-law, which had taken the management of his eſtate out of his hands

The fair Nun, who found that Monſieur d'Antail, her father, was enraged at the conduct of Le Vacher, thought it a proper opportunity to attempt ſhaking off the yoke, under which ſhe had now ſuffered ſeven years. She hoped

that

that Monſieur d'Antail and his wife, irritated againſt Henrietta's huſband, would again reſtore her to that ſhare of their affection, which ſhe had never deſerved to loſe; and that, in order to put her in a ſituation to recover her part of that fortune, which they now ſaw would be unworthily beſtowed on the avaricious La Vacher, they would acknowledge, before a court of juſtice, the means they had taken to force her into engagements ſo contrary to her inclinations. In this hope ſhe was not diſappointed. On her applying to them, and declaring that ſhe would make an attempt to break through thoſe engagements, which ſhe never could fulfil, they promiſed to give her all the aſſiſtance they could towards diſſolving her vows, and enabling her to marry the Sieur Couſturier; who was in every

reſpect a ſuitable match for her; and to whom ſhe was now tenderly attached. The pity he had ſhewn for her misfortunes had firſt engaged her gratitude; his merit and perſeverance had now created a warmer ſentiment. He had long been her only conſolation, and to paſs the reſt of her life with him would, ſhe thought, give new value to the emancipation ſhe hoped to procure.

Monſieur d'Antail, and his wife Adriana de Valmorin, joined in the repreſentation ſhe made to the court of Rome, of the force under which ſhe was obliged to take the vows. While they waited an anſwer, ſhe left the convent, and they received her into their houſe. The Pope's anſwer was to the following effect:—"That the "petitioner ſhould return into the "convent,

" convent, to wait the event of a ſum-
" mons, made to all the parties who
" were intereſted in the abolition of
" her vows; and, if no cauſe was ſhewn
" by thoſe parties, ſufficient to make
" the proper court at Paris confirm
" her religious engagements, they
" were to be diſſolved, and ſhe would
" be permitted to marry."—The perſons intereſted were, her relations, and the community of nuns to which ſhe had belonged. The community, by their Abbeſs, declared their willingneſs to releaſe from her engagements a perſon who had never performed the functions which thoſe engagements required, and who had always ſhewn the utmoſt diſtaſte and averſion to their ſociety. They therefore declared, that they wiſhed to be relieved from a member, who lived ſo uneaſily among

them.—Monſieur d'Antail proteſted in form, that his wife, through the apprehenſion ſhe had entertained for her ſon's ſafety, had perſuaded him to force his daughter into a convent. He owned he had threatened her with infamy, impriſonment, and even death, if ſhe refuſed. But at his age he could no longer think of perſiſting in the cruel reſtraint that had been put upon her inclinations, and he deſired ſhe might be releaſed. His wife joined in this act. And, after a full hearing, it was determined, that all the parties intereſted having agreed in deſiring the diſſolution of the vows made by Louiſa d'Antail, againſt which ſhe had entered a proteſt, both before and after ſhe was conſtrained to take them, that they ſhould now be diſſolved, and ſhe be permitted to marry.—Le Vacher however

ever demanded an hearing, and to become a party; but Monſieur d'Antail proteſted againſt it; and Le Vacher's motives ſeemed ſo ungenerous, that his efforts were over-ruled. The decree which permitted Louiſa d'Antail to marry was affirmed by a new ſentence, which, notwithſtanding the appeal of Le Vacher, reſtored her to her fortune and her freedom. In conſequence of which, the banns of marriage between Francis Couſturier and Louiſa d'Antail were immediately publiſhed in the church of St. Opportune, her pariſh, and a contract of marriage was drawn up, wherein the Sieur d'Antail gave her the ſhare of his fortune and effects, to which ſhe was entitled. — The Sieur le Vacher, however, determining, if poſſible, to prevent the marriage, forbade the banns. The curate

rate of St. Opportune, as he had the conſent of the father, declared that he ſhould proceed notwithſtanding, and gave his permiſſion to another curate to celebrate the marriage. Le Vacher, diſappointed in this hope, had now recourſe to the Grand Vicar; who took not the leaſt notice of his application. He appealed alſo to the court of the Archbiſhop; but, as the opppoſition of a ſiſter's huſband did not ſeem to have weight enough to counteract the conſent and wiſhes of the father, the marriage was celebrated in due form; and, within twelve months afterwards, Louiſa became mother of a ſon. But ſhe had the mortification to find that the perſecutions of Le Vacher were not at an end. He re-commenced a ſuit, in which he endeavoured to make it appear that the diſſolution of Louiſa's

vows

vows had been illegally obtained; and this he hoped to prove, ſince there is a law, which ſays, that monaſtic vows, if made above five years, cannot in any caſe, or on any pretence whatſoever, be annulled; and it was near ſeven years from the time of Louiſa's taking the veil, before ſhe applied to the court of Rome. On this ground the cauſe was brought before the parliament of Paris. Where, notwithſtanding the eloquence of Monſieur Gualtier, an eminent pleader, and ſeveral caſes in point being produced, the parliament, apprehenſive that if ſome time were not certainly fixed, after which religious vows ſhould become irrevocable, the fortunes of families could never be aſcertained; and that it would occaſion perpetual attempts of nuns and prieſts to return into the world,

world, to the annihilation of good order, both in monaſteries and families; adjudged, that Louiſa d'Antail had been releaſed from her engagements contrary to law. Her marriage was declared illegal, and her child illegitimate, and ſhe was ordered to return immediately to her convent. The diſtreſs and anguiſh occaſioned by this inhuman decree can be better imagined than deſcribed. Determined, however, to make one ſtruggle, before ſhe was torn away from connections ſo dear to her, and buried for ever in a ſituation infinitely worſe than death, Louiſa and her huſband appealed from this ſentence to the privy council. The council referred an inveſtigation of the whole to the parliament of Metz; where, after a long conteſt, the final deciſion was ſuch, as every friend to the rights of humanity

humanity muſt hear with pleaſure. The vows taken by Louiſa were declared null; her marriage was confirmed, and her children reſtored to their rights. Thus, after part of her life had been paſſed under the moſt unjuſt and diſtreſſing perſecution, ſhe was at liberty to enjoy the reſt of it with an huſband and children deſervedly and fondly beloved. While Le Vacher was juſtly puniſhed for his unfeeling avarice.

From Richer.

END OF VOL. II.

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